

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

No. 3757. Vol. 144.

29 October 1927

[REGISTERED AS
A NEWSPAPER]

6d

CONTENTS

NOTES OF THE WEEK ... 569

LEADING ARTICLES:

The Bishop of Birmingham ... 572

London Traffic ... 573

MIDDLE ARTICLES:

King Edward and His Nephews. By A. A. B. ... 574

On Speeches. By Hilaire Belloc ... 575

The Theatrical Crisis in Paris. By John Palmer ... 576

The Battle of the Breads ... 577

Variety. By J. B. Priestley ... 578

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 579

THE THEATRE:

Half Portions. By Ivor Brown ... 582

LITERARY COMPETITIONS:

Set by Clennell Wilkinson ... 583

BACK NUMBERS—XLVII ... 585

REVIEWS:

Madame de Sévigné. By Edward Shanks ... 586

Disraeli ... 586

Time and Western Man ... 587

The House of Lords in the Eighteenth Century ... 588

Suhail ... 589

English Chimney Pieces ... 589

Architecture ... 590

Plain Jane ... 590

The Black Cap ... 590

The More I see of Men ... 591

An Anthology for Animal Lovers ... 591

REVIEWS—continued

Are they the same at Home?... 591

The Home of the Monk ... 591

NEW FICTION. By L. P. Hartley

Benighted ... 592

The Arrow ... 592

Georgian Stories ... 592

Unkind Star ... 592

OTHER NOVELS ... 593

SHORTER NOTICES ... 593

NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE 594

MOTORING. By H. Thornton

Rutter ... 598

CITY NOTES ... 600

ACROSTICS ... 601

EDITORIAL NOTICE.—Unsolicited contributions will be considered provided that (1) they are typewritten; (2) they bear the author's name; (3) a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed. Otherwise we decline responsibility and cannot enter into correspondence. Editorial, Advertising and Publishing Offices: 9 King St., Covent Garden, London, W.C.2; Gerrard 3157.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—The subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW is 30s. per annum, post free. Cheques should be sent to the publisher at the above address. The paper is despatched in time to reach subscribers by the first post every Saturday.

NOTES OF THE WEEK

SELDOM has news out of Africa been more welcome than the telegrams announcing the settlement of the South African flag dispute. It has been an issue to which it was difficult to attach first-rate importance over here, but which party rivalry there had converted into a serious and deplorable crisis. General Hertzog, in particular, deserves credit for having had the courage to change his mind. Had he forced the Flag Bill uncompromisingly through Parliament, feeling in South Africa would have become as bitter as it was immediately before and after the Boer War. Thanks to his last minute decision to compromise and to the patience with which his great political rival, General Smuts, has endeavoured to keep the question above mere party politics, a new design for the flag has been accepted which should give satisfaction to all but the few extremists in the Nationalist and South African Parties. The Union Jack is retained as the international flag and, though the domestic flag will not have the merits of beauty or simplicity, it should serve to remind every citizen of the Union of the dignified and encouraging conclusion of a perilous controversy.

Within the last few days Russia and Italy have both celebrated the anniversaries of their revolutions and have thereby helped to disprove the old idea that violent action leads always to immediate reaction. When five years ago Signor Mussolini ordered the march on Rome few people except his own immediate adherents believed the Fascist régime would still be firmly in the saddle in five years' time. One reason for the Duce's success is that he has led Italy far more wisely than his opponents will admit—and this is proved by the fact that he has been able to bring about a fairly satisfactory stabilization of the lira—and another is the ruthlessness with which he still suppresses any sign of opposition. One cannot but wonder what were the feelings of Mr. Bernard Shaw on learning that, in the translation of his recent letter belauding Fascismo, every paragraph containing the least suspicion of criticism had been carefully censored in the Italian Press or replaced by sentences which he never wrote.

The survival of Bolshevism for ten years is still more astonishing. It is due not only to the harsher repressive measures that have been used and to the almost infinite patience of the Russian

NOISE
DESTROYS
NERVES

Heed the Scientists' warning and instal

Remington

NOISELESS Typewriters in your office

poor, but also, and above all, to the fact that the peasants, who represent more than four-fifths of the population, are much better off and much more powerful now than they ever were before. Even the workers, of whom two million are said to be unemployed, have less reason to grumble under Bolshevism than they had under Tsarism, and the intellectuals are too few and too delicately nurtured to be able to overthrow a system which has treated them with unparalleled brutality. These unpalatable facts hinder us from sharing the widespread belief that the expulsion of Trotsky from the Central Committee of the Communist Party indicates a change of régime in the near future. If Trotsky were to overthrow Stalin, Bolshevism would become more uncompromising than ever; if Stalin destroys Trotsky, he will be far stronger than Lenin was ten years ago.

When Parliament meets on Tuesday week it will have just a month of working days in which to deliberate before the Session is prorogued. Into that brief space a great deal of business will have to be packed, so that the private member looks like having a thin time. During this week the Cabinet has had under consideration the programme to be followed: the Report stage of the Landlord and Tenants Bill and the Films Bill have still to be taken, and if those who are opposed to these measures display the same conscientiousness as they did in Committee their passage may take some time. The Unemployment Insurance Bill is the third big measure demanding attention and to this the Labour Party are likely to offer strenuous opposition. In the new Session—starting in February—the “star” bill will be that for providing women between 21 and 30 with a vote, and the so-far unfortunate Factories Bill, which goes in some danger of becoming the Cinderella of Government measures, may also be found a place. There remains the highly important Prayer Book Measure, which the Archbishops are extremely anxious to get passed before Christmas, unlikely as this now seems. It is felt that continued delay, which means continued controversy, can only damage the Church, and the incidents of the past few days lend colour to that belief.

With the exchange of letters between the Primate and the Bishop of Birmingham we deal elsewhere. Meanwhile the *Daily Express* has been improving its readers with a series of articles designed, with superb condescension, to prove that there is still some life left in the Churches. Even were Christianity to be in the bad way some would have us believe, it certainly has not yet reached the stage at which it requires the defence of the *Daily Express*. Only one of the articles that have so far appeared has borne the impress of conviction, and this was marred by a vulgarity which seems inseparable from its writer. Nothing in worse taste or more cynical than this latest “stunting” of religion has appeared in the English Press in our time. A notorious publicist who recently emerged from the seclusion of a convict prison to resume activities with his pen is reported to have declared once that “God pays.” He is not the only person connected with Fleet Street who has grasped this convenient fact.

The sudden departure from Paris of Madame Lupescu, the lady whose charms induced Prince Carol to leave his wife and renounce his throne, has set Rumania in an uproar. M. Manulescu, a prominent member of the Averescu Government, was arrested at the frontier and is to be court-martialled because he returned from Paris bearing letters from Prince Carol “to certain party leaders, including M. Bratianu, calling on them to take the opinion of the nation concerning his recall to the throne.” One is always apt to suspect the worst in a country which is so fond of the censorship as Rumania, but, with the best will in the world, one cannot believe that letters asking politicians for their opinion about Prince Carol’s return should necessitate many arrests and the occupation by troops of all Government offices. It is obvious that M. Bratianu does not feel quite so sure of his position as he could wish.

It is not only readers of ‘Revolt in the Desert’ who have learned with satisfaction of King Feisal’s visit to London, for by now nine Englishmen out of ten have realized the feasibility and, indeed, almost the inevitability of an independent Iraqi State. Great progress has been made by the Government of Bagdad in the last few years and especially since the settlement by the League of Nations of the dispute with Turkey over the ownership of Mosul. The principal reasons for King Feisal’s visit are, first, to discuss the conscription bill which is to be submitted to the Iraqi Parliament next month, but which has given rise to some uneasiness over here, and, secondly, to ask for British support for Iraq’s admission to the League. In this respect King Feisal may have to return home disappointed, since the moment is not quite ripe for Great Britain to sponsor this candidature in Geneva. It would be a great mistake, however, to interpret British counsels of delay as in any way an unfriendly act.

The announcement that a British syndicate has obtained the concession for reclaiming the mineral wealth of the Dead Sea is welcome not only because this concession has been won in the face of considerable foreign competition, but especially because it may now lead to a speedy development of Palestine’s natural resources. As things are at present the country is so poor that the Arab inhabitants have feared the Zionist settlers would be taking the bread out of their mouths. The long dispute between the British and Greek Governments over the concessions that were granted by the Turks to M. Mavrommatis before the war and were then promised by the British to Mr. Rutenberg have impeded all industrial progress. Despite immense transport difficulties, potash from Palestine will be able to hold its own in the open market and, as soon as railway communications are improved, the country should be able to justify the heavy sacrifices made on its behalf by the British taxpayer.

Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, who always brings force and freshness to the discussion of traffic problems, does well to point out in a letter to *The Times* the limitations of the proposals for combining and regulating the transport arrangements of the London area. In a leading article

we discuss the merits of this scheme, which are considerable; its weakness, as Lord Montagu says, lies in the fact that it only caters for the traffic problem as it exists to-day, whereas any plan that is to be lastingly effective must cater for conditions as they will exist in the near future. The rapid and continuing increase in the ownership of motor-cars, and the general growth of population make it certain that street congestion will get steadily denser. Unless provision is made in advance for coping with this situation we are likely to find ourselves worse off in a few years' time than now. This in no way discredits the present scheme, which is excellent so far as it goes; it merely shows that it is of itself insufficient. Some large, imaginative—and extremely costly—addition to road space, either overhead or below ground, will be necessary to meet the situation that will soon arise.

Passenger traffic by air has reached another milestone in its career with the announcement by the Imperial Airways Limited of a further reduction in fares. In 1919 the single fare by aeroplane from London to Paris was £21; to-day it is £4 15s.; and a further reduction of a pound has been made by the introduction of a second-class service which differs from the first-class only in the fact that it starts at a less convenient—or perhaps we should say a less luxurious—hour. Air travel by British lines has proved itself increasingly efficient and wonderfully safe; none the less the public have been slow to take advantage of it. Visitors from abroad, particularly from America and the Dominions, display a much greater eagerness to adopt the new mode of travel than the English people themselves. The new reduction in fares may make some difference. It is to be hoped so, for the British Company will need all the support it can get if it is to combat successfully the formidable competition from European commercial air lines, which—particularly in Germany—are leaving this country far behind in enterprise and development.

Rumours of a new evening newspaper remain rumours, except in the brains of those who are said to foster the project. It would be a good thing for journalism in general, and for London evening journalism in particular, were the story to prove true: three evening papers in a city of the size of London are too few. But the difficulties in the way of successfully establishing a fourth are immense, and are increasing with the increase in size of those that already exist. Lord Beaverbrook was credited with the intention of starting an "Evening Express" before ever he came into control of the *Evening Standard*. If he still cherishes the idea and, as the rumour runs, is actively pressing forward to its realization, he presumably intends to dispose of his interest in the *Standard*, for even a brain of his fertility can hardly have discovered an advantage in financing two evening papers in direct competition with one another. Were it to come into the market, probably the Berry group would like to buy it; but the price would be high, for the *Standard* must be an extremely valuable property.

America is always being done disservices by her least representative citizens. "Big Bill" Thompson, who presides over the municipal destinies of Chicago but is, we imagine, as little like the average American as is a three-eyed haddock, has done his best to make his countrymen look ridiculous by his campaign against what is described as "propaganda" in books of British origin. Unfortunately for the success of his venture it has been discovered that the city's library in which much of this pernicious literature is said to lurk was built and equipped largely at the expense of British people, chief among whom was no less a figure than Queen Victoria. Big Bill, who is like others of his republican countrymen at least in his respect for royalty, has been at some pains to explain why so exalted a personage as her late Majesty cannot have been guilty of deliberate propaganda and was therefore to have her gifts exempted from the general conflagration that awaited those of her inferiors. This same democratic love of titles will probably induce Mr. Thompson to accept the invitation extended to him by a distinguished Englishman to visit this country as his guest. We hope so. It cannot do him any harm; it might conceivably do him some good.

Sympathy with the Queen in the loss of her brother, Lord Cambridge, will be widespread; not least on account of the suddenness with which he died. The Marquis was not old—he was only fifty-nine—but ever since the war he had been in indifferent health, and was, indeed, invalided out of the Army in 1916. Since he ceased to take the style of the Duke of Teck, under the rearrangement of the Royal titles and degrees ordered by the King in 1917, he had been a less familiar figure. One of the assets of the Royal Family is the lack of ostentation that characterizes its lesser members, and the modest, useful part they take in the ordinary life of the locality in which they have their homes. Among such the late Marquis was a conspicuously happy example.

A complaint reaches us from a correspondent on the subject of theatre tickets which, though trivial, is yet deserving of the attention of those whom it concerns. Why is it, he opines, that the two pieces of information likely to be of most use to holders of theatre tickets—to wit, the time at which the piece starts and the telephone number of the theatre—are regularly excluded from the printed matter that figures on the tickets? We cannot answer him, so we pass on the question to those in a position to give him satisfaction. Occasions must often arise, over dinner or wherever, when it would be convenient to be able to ascertain by reference to the tickets in one's pocket the time at which the play begins; or, for some reason or another, it may suddenly be found necessary to telephone to the theatre. Unless the divulgence of such innocent information is numbered among the practices on which the Lord Chamberlain has placed his divine and mysterious veto it certainly seems as though an opportunity here awaits theatrical managers to do the public a small service that will cost them nothing.

THE BISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM

WITHIN the last few days the affairs of the Church of England have received an amount of publicity to which normally the Church is quite unaccustomed. People of all denominations have discussed, and taken sides over, the controversy of which the Bishop of Birmingham is at once the cause and the centre. For many months now discussions regarding the revision of the Prayer Book have sharpened the tongues of dispute and revealed in an unduly dramatic light the differences which have long existed between the Evangelical and Anglo-Catholic sections of the Communion. Those differences have been brought to a head by the lamentable action of the Rector of St. Michael's, Cornhill, whose ill-conceived denunciation of Bishop Barnes in St. Paul's Cathedral called forth the righteous indignation of Dean Inge. Following this incident Bishop Barnes addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury an open letter setting forth his attitude towards the relation between Christianity and science and towards Sacramental doctrine. The Bishop closed his letter with the remark that it "calls, of course, for no public reply." The Archbishop of Canterbury, however, felt, very rightly, that some reply was called for; and the answer which he has addressed to Dr. Barnes was published in the Press last Monday. Many will regard it as extremely regrettable that Dr. Barnes, instead of accepting the Archbishop's rebuke in silence, should have sought to prolong the controversy by issuing a further letter.

The Church of England must count itself singularly fortunate that since the early days of this century it has had at its head so wise and patient a man as Dr. Davidson. He has steered his ship through more than one perilous reef, and the debt which the Church owes him cannot properly be reckoned until the feelings aroused by the present controversies have had time to subside. But of all the triumphs of his administration none has surpassed in sureness of touch or in soundness of judgment the strength and restraint of the letter in which he administers his quietly effective rebuke to his subordinate at Birmingham. There have been murmurings of late that the Archbishop has outlived his usefulness and lost something of his grip; the answer to such critics is here. No man at the zenith of his powers could have produced a more admirable document.

The more the matter of the controversy which has arisen is considered, the more unnecessary does the controversy itself appear. The Archbishop is the first to perceive this. With the gentlest irony he points out to Dr. Barnes, whose bearing has sometimes seemed to carry, unconsciously we feel sure, a suggestion of mental superiority, that his attitude is sadly old-fashioned. No man, he assures him, desires to lead or to drive him either to Tennessee or to Rome. The importance attached by Dr. Barnes to matters which—the Archbishop reminds him with a beguiling air of wistful reminiscence—ceased to be controversially alive some fifty years since, is the more astonishing when considered

in conjunction with the Bishop's obvious intellectual capacity. It would seem that he has allowed himself to be misled regarding the importance of his utterances on evolution by the attention accorded him by that section of the Press whose ignorance of religious matters is only matched by its anxiousness to discuss them. It is only such that have paid great heed to "the gorilla sermons." The great body of educated religious thought long ago discarded the opinions which the Bishop ridicules with wasted vigour.

It is an old trick of the rhetorician to erect Aunt Sallies for the special display of his prowess in demolishing them. We do not accuse the Bishop of trickery; it is clear that he is entirely sincere in his belief in the beliefs of others. His letter is, however, a masterly if unconscious exposition of this same art. It erects a fictitious edifice of criticism and proceeds to its demolition. The Archbishop is right in declaring that it is not Dr. Barnes's attitude on this outdated topic that has brought the storm about his ears. Few educated people to-day resent his sermons on evolution; in so far as these utterances attract attention at all they do so for their concise statement of accepted opinion. What has offended a large body of sincere persons within the Church, and even without it, is the tone he has adopted regarding Sacramental doctrine. Here again his view is not in itself new or shocking: it is, as he claims, strictly orthodox. What is shocking is the temper in which he propounds the view and abuses those whose interpretation differs from his own. In both the letters he has addressed to the Archbishop—indeed in all his utterances—he gives proof of passionate sincerity and conviction. Of the man's honesty and burning belief there can be no doubt. That makes the maladroitness of his attitude the more tragic. In his second letter to the Primate he avers that all his "controversial sermons" have been "carefully prepared." Truth, he declares, "pierces like a sword" and is bound to give pain. It is no more than his common duty to voice what he believes to be true; it is in his assumption of a monopoly of truth, in what must be described as the arrogance, the uncharitableness, the intellectual scorn of this assumption that his offence lies. No doubt he is sincerely unable to perceive that he is culpable in this matter. It is with him a natural "blind spot." That he positively lacks sensitiveness in this respect is shown with painful clarity by the bad taste of his suggestion to the Archbishop that the dogmas of transubstantiation and an objective Real Presence might be subjected to tests to be "reverently carried out in some suitable place." This placing of a spiritual mystery on a level with Joanna Southcott's box shows inadequate perception of a whole side of religious experience. If he cannot see that this suggestion is offensive, no amount of argument will be in the least effective.

Much of this the Archbishop implied with great point in his letter to Dr. Barnes, and it is unnecessary to add anything to his comments. It must be distasteful beyond words for the Primate to have to enter into this wanton controversy with one of his Bishops, with its menace to the success of

his efforts to bring the negotiations for the revision of the Prayer Book to a successful conclusion and thus to go far towards healing a running sore in the body of the Anglican Church. The tragedy of the controversy is real, for both parties to it are firmly convinced of virtue. It is primarily a controversy not over beliefs but over the manner of their expression, a manufactured controversy, unnecessary in substance and due only to the misguided zeal of Dr. Barnes. Throughout the term of his episcopacy at Birmingham he has displayed the same deplorable lack of tact in dealing with those within his jurisdiction whose ritualistic views differ from his own. Through a fundamental fault of temperament a sincere and brilliantly gifted man has made a failure of his office. It should be added that there is no real crisis within the Church. Those of its adherents who oppose most bitterly the proposed Reform of the Prayer Book seek to stage manage the appearance of crisis, and the less scrupulous of them, together with their conspirators in the Press, have naturally jumped at the opportunity now afforded them. The great unvoiced body of moderate opinion, which forms the strong majority of the Church, is agreed upon the reform; it is a handful of wreckers who are responsible for the sound and fury.

LONDON TRAFFIC

THE Report on London Traffic published last Tuesday is a remarkable document. In April last year the Advisory Committee for the home counties reported to the Minister of Transport that some form of unified management was desirable for the whole of the passenger service for the London area, and it was at his request that it went on to make further inquiries that have resulted in this new report. The Government are not of course committed to the scheme as it stands, but they are committed to its sympathetic consideration and that in itself is a big thing. For what is now proposed is to turn all the passenger services into a huge trust with one general management and a common fund on which the constituent companies can draw. Among these constituents are railway companies, omnibus companies and L.C.C. and other tramways. Lord Montagu has pointed out the limitations of the scheme. We propose here to examine its advantages.

Some of the London passenger services are already in public ownership, whereas others are in the hands of public utility but still dividend-earning trusts, and yet others are frankly competitive. While public utility companies will often combine with their kind, and municipalities often come to arrangements with each other for the joint working of their trams, we cannot recall any example in which public and private ownership have combined to form a trust. If such a scheme could be arranged for London, it would no doubt become a model for the rest of the country and the old antithesis between public and private ownership of these big public utilities would lose its point. It would no longer be necessary to buy out private enterprise to secure public control, and we should get a new species of public trust which

might in whole or in part be in private ownership.

Such a scheme of amalgamation would be difficult to work out. The Advisory Committee has not attempted to open up formal negotiations with the various interests. But it seems by informal conversations to have satisfied itself that there is a good chance of success. The fact that the London County Council tramways are, financially, doing badly has no doubt made the problem easier than it would otherwise have been. The underground and the omnibus services are already in a measure amalgamated, but a special difficulty is made by the railway companies who carry so much of the suburban passenger traffic. In their case it would not be easy to separate suburban and through traffic, and there would be great complications in accounting to the Common Fund. It is not, however, proposed to leave them out, and under the scheme they will be given full power to enter into agreements for leasing and working of the suburban lines, clearing of traffic, pooling of receipts, and so forth.

The principle of the Common Fund has still to be worked out in detail but is clear enough in outline. Each constituent part of the new trust, after meeting revenue liabilities, including interest on debentures and preferred stocks, is to transfer the balance of its gross revenues to the Common Fund, which will be allocated as policy dictates, either to redeeming ordinary shares or to paying the interest on them, or as security for borrowings from the banks. The financial complications may be left to the experts, but clearly what the proposals will work out to in the long run is the maintenance of a fair average of profits without either the peaks or the depressions of ordinary shares. There will be a levelling down of large profits on more prosperous sections and a levelling up of profits on the less prosperous sections. The principle throughout will be that the problem of transport in the neighbourhood of our large cities is one independent of local conditions or of the artificial boundaries of local government and controlled in the general interest.

One feature of the scheme is especially to be commended. It is a commonplace with all who have made a study of local government that the unit tends to be too small. All our great centres of population are really collections of towns that have grown together; but while there is one general interest, the several local governments persist in each working for itself without regard to any common place. It is ridiculous, when one thinks of it, that where a man works should be under one local government and where he sleeps under another, and possibly rival, government. There may be some services in which the local patriotism of the ward has its value, but for the more important work of local government the smallness of the unit is a grave drawback. It tends to create small districts in which rates are low because the rateable value is so high, and vast dormitory areas, which groan under excessive rates; none of the schemes for equalizing rates really remove this inequality. It is felt as an exceptional hardship during the crisis of unemployment which is not evenly spread out but is localized in comparatively small areas, and it tends to throw local government into the hands of small men, incapable of taking a comprehensive view of their problems and liable to be swept completely off their balance by some economic heresy or

socialist theory. Notoriously, schemes for amalgamating local government bodies are always bitterly resisted. But if all the services of one area cannot be centrally controlled in the general interest it would be a great gain to have the more influential services amalgamated, and that is one reason the more for wishing success to the hopes of the London Transport Committee.

KING EDWARD AND HIS NEPHEWS*

By A. A. B.

SOME historians treat the deaths and successions of sovereigns as negligible factors, both as regards politics and manners. I have never taken that view. The death of Queen Anne and the accession of the Hanoverian family marked a complete change in English history, as did the accession of Queen Victoria. Gladstone, Queen Victoria, and Salisbury all died between 1897 and 1903, and a new era was ushered in. Over that transition period King Edward was called on to preside. Against the disadvantage of being fifty-seven when he mounted the throne must be set off the advantage of having watched as heir apparent the play of European and domestic politics for over thirty years. It was not for nothing that he had observed the working of representative government, "on its trial" as his father said, under his mother, guided by Palmerston, Gladstone, Disraeli and Salisbury. The last of the great figures disappeared in the second year of his reign; and it must have been with something like a smile that King Edward, whose sense of humour was active, turned to the Comedy of Errors as played by the thruster Chamberlain and the doubting philosopher Arthur Balfour.

The first nine and a half years of the present century were pivotal, both as regards the foreign and the domestic policy of England. Sir Sidney Lee's second volume justifies, to my mind, the claim of King Edward to be classed among the makers of history. While Balfour and Chamberlain were playing the fool over Tariff Reform, and after 1906 when Bannerman and Asquith were "filling the cup" of the House of Lords, the King was consolidating, with superb tact and courage, the position of England in relation to Europe, at that time ruled by the three emperors, two of whom were his nephews. A great deal of this book is taken up with the visits and correspondence between uncle and nephews, and revolting reading it is. The preposterous banquets with the formal and florid speeches, which everybody knew to be humbug; the letters from Nicky and Willie to "dearest Uncle Bertie," whom the two were abusing between themselves, form a repulsive picture of diplomacy as it was then conducted. The weakness and mendacity of Nicholas have been atoned for by an end so terrible that condemnation is silenced. But it is delightful to read how King Edward played the German Emperor off the stage which he had erected for himself in the centre of Europe. By simplicity as opposed to duplicity, by courtesy as compared with rudeness, by patience as contrasted with reckless impetuosity, the uncle put the nephew in the background. King Edward's greatest triumph was his visit to Paris in 1903, which changed the sullen and icy temper of the French into enthusiasm for the Entente, which was begun then, and completed after the defeat of Russia by Japan in 1904, by an "understanding." Looking back I fail to understand why Russia was considered to be so formidable by everybody. The Japanese War

ought to have opened everyone's eyes to the rottenness of Russia, whether as friend or foe.

It does not appear that King Edward got much assistance from either of his Foreign Secretaries, Lord Lansdowne and Sir Edward Grey. The Sovereign is really entitled to the credit of founding the alliance with France, which arrayed the Triple Entente against the Triple Alliance in the war which he foresaw more clearly than any of his ministers. Whether England was right in linking her destiny with France and Russia in 1914 is a question which can never be decided, but will probably be much discussed by the rising generation. The event, like most other historical facts, was the result of drifting, of the compelling and avenging power of circumstances, which monarch and ministers did not originate, and which they could only control by guiding. After Algeciras in 1906, for instance, and Austria's annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1908, it was clear to all who followed European politics, which the majority of Englishmen, even politicians, avoid doing, that a defensive alliance between France and England was a matter of self-preservation. King Edward encircled Kaiser Wilhelm to prevent the Kaiser encircling him. Sir Edward Grey and Lord Haldane saw it all, but they were afraid to tell their countrymen and even their colleagues about the "conversations" with France. That is part of the price which we have to pay for the blessing of democracy.

The last year of King Edward's life was cheered by perhaps the greatest pleasure he ever experienced—he won the Derby, and the ring resounded with cries of "Good old Teddy." Otherwise he was worried enough by the quarrels of the two parties. Notwithstanding that the Liberals had won an enormous majority at the election of 1905, the House of Lords, under the leadership of Lord Lansdowne and on the advice of Mr. Balfour, ignored the event by throwing out Bill after Bill, Licensing and Education Bills, among others. At last the House of Lords fell into the trap set for them; they rejected Mr. Lloyd George's Budget of 1909, on the ground that changes in taxation so important ought to be referred to the elector. After protesting against what he called the unconstitutional invasion of the financial privileges of the House of Commons, Mr. Asquith took the Lords at their word and dissolved Parliament. The result of the election was that Liberals and Conservatives were exactly equal, while eighty-two Irish Nationalists and forty Labourites held the government of Britain in their hands. John Redmond, leading the Irish, offered his votes for the Budget, which was not yet carried, in exchange for a Veto Bill, to deprive the Lords of their powers of rejecting Bills. The bargain was openly refused, and secretly accepted by an "understanding," which issued in the Parliament Act of 1911. In the middle of all this blackguardly bargaining King Edward died suddenly in May, 1910. Whether he would have allowed Mr. Asquith to abuse his prerogative, as his son conceived himself obliged to do, by threatening a catastrophic creation of peers, it is impossible with our present sources of information to conjecture. He employed the last year of his reign in endeavouring to make peace between the two Houses, and Sir Sidney Lee records that he got no assistance from Lords Lansdowne and Balfour, who persisted in believing that they would sweep the country with Tariff Reform.

On the whole King Edward VII, though probably he would have lived longer if he had worked less and smoked less, must be said to have been happy in the opportunity of his death. He foresaw Armageddon, put his country in the strongest position to resist it, and was spared the horror of the proof. He did his best to make party leaders moderate the fury of their factions, and was spared the humiliation of seeing the older and wiser branch of the Legislature sold to a gang of Irish traitors.

* 'King Edward VII.' By Sir Sidney Lee. Vol. 2. Macmillan. 31s. 6d.

ON SPEECHES

BY HILAIRE BELLOC

I READ it once in a book that speech is what distinguishes man from the brute creation; but as I have recently learned from my spiritual fathers in God that nothing distinguishes man from the brute creation, I think there must be some mistake. No matter. The point is that whether animals speak or not (and I am sure that parrots do, for I have heard them with my own ears) men speak. But whereas speech may or may not distinguish man from beasts (if indeed there be a distinction), speeches—in the plural—do most undoubtedly distinguish politicians from ordinary vulgar people.

Now when I use this word "politician," let it not be supposed that I am using it in a derogatory sense, as though I were writing of parliamentarians alone, or even lords. No. I mean any man who wants to be a public utility: not only parliamentarians, but town councillors, aldermen, secretaries of trades unions, and all that fauna which flourish under the still glories of peace. These, I say, are without a doubt to be distinguished from their fellow men by the speechifying habit, which is not to be confused with the speechifying faculty.

The subject might be divided into a number of heads: but that would be cruelty. I prefer to treat it as a whole. Moreover, speeches themselves are divided into a number of heads, consciously or unconsciously, and it would be a great complication to extend the system to any discussion on speech in the abstract. There is a great tradition of a don at Oxford who, having married a wife, and coming home with her from a long walk in the country, was heard saying: "And seventeenthly, my dear . . ." He was a modernist, and generally known to the younger men as Hippopotamus.

If it be asked why your politically minded man must be for ever making speeches (and these of inordinate length) the answer is, that only thus does he impress himself upon his fellow beings. He cannot write (as a rule). He cannot think. He cannot model. He cannot paint. He cannot build. He cannot sail. (After all these clauses the words "as a rule" should be introduced.) I will not say he cannot ride, because to the great comfort and well-being of this country an enormous number of public speakers can ride; many of them as cavalry men, many of them as fox-hunters; and those who are one are usually the other. He cannot do any of the useful things (he certainly cannot dig); he cannot calculate, and he cannot—no, by God! he cannot—write verse. But any fool can speak. Indeed, I knew of a man once who, having inherited a title, married an immensely wealthy heiress who had an iron spike in her left elbow. When he married her, he could not put two words together; but she so trained him with this spike that he learned at last to make most fluent orations, about peace among the nations, and to give illustrations of all concatenations which might interrupt international relations, and lead to the preparations of warlike operations, to the great flurry and worry and bescurry of those who believe (quite rightly) that they would suffer heavily from the same.

All politically minded men, I say, can speak. But this is mere tautology, because if politically minded men could not speak they would not be politically minded men, or rather, they would not be *known* as politically minded men. They might go on being politically minded men till they were black in the face, like a friend of mine who always ardently desired to be a member of Parliament, and would have become so, but that (though exceedingly fluent at home upon things of no consequence, such as proportional representation) he is dumb upon the platform, being

struck with a sort of paralysis whenever he sees several hundred white blobs called faces arrayed before him like so many eggs; and I don't wonder.

I say that the speeches of the politicians extend him in time and space. No politician would count if he made short speeches, or if he always made them in the same place. Therefore the politicians go all over the country. What do I say? All over Europe. Nay, more, all over the world—including the United States and the less Dutch parts of South Africa—swaying their arms, pointing their fingers, puffing out their chests and stomachs, and asserting that they are the last to deny.

Here the simple man will put a question: "Pray, sir," says he, "if I design to be a politician, can you not tell me what least number of places I must visit, and what is the reasonably shortest time over which to extend one of my speeches?" To him I shall answer: "Little friend, you have misapprehended the complexity of your task. You have to consider not only the number of places you may visit, but their distance one from the other, and the coefficient of time in the matter, that is, over how many days you extend your speechifying. And as to the length of your speech, there again is a complexity. For it will depend upon the time in the evening and your own position; whether you are, for instance, the local Member, or the Mayor, or merely seconding an address, or proposing a vote of thanks; when the last train is, when the pubs shut, and so on. But roughly speaking, no man should speak even smoothly for less than half an hour, nor for more than one hour. If he speaks for less than half an hour he will very justly be called a poor politician indeed, whereas if he speaks for more than an hour, he may conceivably weary his audience. There is, of course, to this rule an exception, as to all rules. Thus I read of a Turkish politician recently who had spoken for six days—which beats the Front Benches hollow; while there is, I am told, a man in Hanwell who speaks the whole time and all day long, and has done so now for fifteen years. But I am sure that he was never in the Government; for people of that address invariably belong to the Back Benches of the Opposition before they retire from public life."

It was but the other day that a man sent me a letter asking me what matter one could put into a political speech. To which I answered, having an expert knowledge in this, that the whole art is to put nothing. It is much more difficult than it sounds, and that is the answer to the puzzling question (which so many have asked, and hitherto none has answered), "Why does not everyone become politician—seeing the money there is in it?" Dear friends, believe me, to say absolutely nothing for a full hour is an art. I do not deny that the practice of a few years will make a man so able in this department that he performs his task as it were unconsciously; on which account the phrase arose, "they do it in their sleep." But at the beginning it is very hard. Thus a man speaking upon the matter of Germany and England in the old days before the war would be naturally tempted to say something about blowing them out of the water, or, on the other side, of talking about our German cousins and saying how much he loved them and how he hoped everybody else did.

But that would never do. The adept in the art would get up and say, "We hear upon all sides that the Germans and ourselves, etc., etc., etc." (five minutes), "but my lords, ladies and gentlemen, it is easy to say these things. What are the facts?" (Here another ten minutes introducing no facts.) "My lords, ladies and gentlemen, he would indeed be a rash prophet who should pretend—" (Here another ten minutes in saying what the rash prophet would pretend.) "But it may be advanced—indeed it has been advanced by my friend the Secretary of State for Void—" (Here fifteen minutes, quite easy

to fill up, because you may be perfectly certain that old Buggins has not advanced anything.) "What then is my conclusion?" (Here ten minutes coming to no conclusion.)

When the adept has filled up his time thus, he ends up with a peroration, and for that I will give you a tip. You cram it tight full of boasting, very much like the pumping of grease with a grease gun into a differential gear. You talk about the superb qualities of the race to which you yourself perhaps and certainly your audience belong; you affirm your confidence in its future; and in general you let yourself go as no sycophant of any oriental monarch ever let himself go in the worst phases of Asiatic corruption; and in this, after all, you do but show yourself a patriot. It is also not a bad thing to conclude by saying that mere talking will do no good: that what we want is (here you recite all the active talents which you know the audience think they possess).

Then you sit down.

I think I hear you asking me "What is it worth?" Well, I have made a fair average computation, and I find it to be worth minus five hundred or six hundred a year, plus four hundred a year salary, for anything between five or ten years. Then, from eight hundred a year to twelve or fifteen hundred a year for five or six years; with a few chances of perquisites, but not many. After that (*and here is the point!*) from five thousand to ten thousand a year and ample perquisites—opportunities of all kinds. Take a fairly long lifetime of speechifying (say, from twenty-three years old to seventy-six), and I should think little of a man who had not at the end of it accumulated something over fifty thousand pounds, or who had not in the interval enjoyed an average income (counting everything) of well over three thousand pounds a year. It is not worth more than that (on the average); but it is worth that.

Is that why people wonder at the absence of a general rush for public life, and the paucity of candidates? Courage! Their numbers are about to increase.

THE THEATRICAL CRISIS IN PARIS

BY JOHN PALMER

Paris, October 26, 1927

THE season has opened in Paris with much that is encouraging, but more that is ominous. For our encouragement we have the continued success of 'Maya,' at the Studio des Champs Elysées, of which I wrote earlier in the year, and the promise of another play by its author, M. Simon Gantillon, before Christmas. We have also the prospect of further plays during the season by M. Jules Romain and M. Jean-Victor Pellerin. M. Jean Serment, in 'Leopold le Bien Aimé,' has made a further contribution at the Comédie des Champs Elysées to the neo-romantic stage of which I hope to write in detail on some future occasion, and M. Nivoix, part author of that bitter study of post-war public life, 'Les Marchands de Gloire,' has given us in 'Eve Toute Nue,' a comedy whose title is a concession to the Boulevards, but whose spirit is noticeably of the younger generation.

There is, however, a heavy balance on the other side. M. Pitoëff has been driven from the Théâtre des Arts to the Théâtre des Mathurins, where he will be very seriously restricted, and find it hard either to produce the plays or to get the audiences which he needs. He will, for example, at the "Mathurins" be unable to fall back on his successful productions of 'Hamlet' and 'St. Joan.' The "Mathurins" is a small, rich man's theatre, and M. Pitoëff has nothing to expect from the rich. His adherents at the Théâtre des Arts were people who, in London, would go to the

Old Vic or to Sadler's Wells. Undismayed, however, he was embarking, when last I saw him, on the gallant adventure of 'Heartbreak House.'

The financial collapse of M. Pitoëff at the Théâtre des Arts, due to the abominable trade conditions which prevail in the Paris as in the London theatres, is part of a general but, it is hoped, a momentary reverse sustained by the younger men. The younger generation eighteen months ago was carrying all before it, and it went a little too fast and too far, having regard to the enormous power of the vested theatrical interests and the immense difficulty of getting the right sort of playgoer into the right sort of theatre on the right occasion. Never the place and the hour and the loved one altogether! The attempt of the young authors last autumn to run a theatre of their own was a disaster, and it made matters worse rather than better that the plays to which they nailed their colours were more conspicuous for promise than achievement. Other disasters followed. The production at the Comédie Française of 'La Carcasse,' by M. Denys Amiel, the lively young author of 'Monsieur et Madame Un Tel,' ended in total eclipse. The disgrace of that demonstration belonged entirely to the malcontents who organized it and the authorities who deferred to it; but it was unfortunately taken to heart by its author, who is more sensitive a creature than can possibly hope to survive in the savage world of French theatrical politics. M. Amiel publicly affected the white shirt for having done no more than introduce into his play an officer of the French army who happened to be deficient in brains and character. To the curious taboos collected by the student of mass psychology we have now to add the proposition that an officer in the French army can never be ridiculous. There is still, I believe, a statue of Molière in the foyer of the Comédie Française, and no one has yet suggested that it should be removed.

Then there was the disaster of 'Jean le Maufranc.' Opinions may differ as to the merits of that remarkable play. One may urge that it was unequal, in places obscure, variable in its temper, longer than it need have been, needlessly discursive. But there was no mistaking its sincerity and power, or its devastating pertinence. It is the first expression which has yet found its way into the contemporary theatre of a passionate rebellion against the greatest peril of the age—the organized predominance of the herd over the individual which is the peculiar glory of the modern State. Human history has, so far, been a series of struggles by one generation to win something which its successor has quite lightly discarded or ignored, and every cause has to be won over again within fifty years of its previous victory. The liberty of the subject, won and abused in the nineteenth century, scarcely exists to-day; and M. Romain in 'Jean le Maufranc' struck on its behalf a blow that deserved a better fate. Its reception showed nothing so clearly as its necessity, for it was destroyed by just that species of mob suggestion on which the modern system of prohibitions and conformities is based. Presumably the time is not yet ripe. We do not yet sufficiently perceive our slavery to be prompted into rebellion. Short skirts and free manners blind us to the fact that, not only in art and letters, but in our social habits and opinions, individual freedom has virtually ceased to exist. In Russia Chaliapin is an outlaw; in America Dreiser, Mencken, and even the harmlessly vivacious Sinclair Lewis, are excommunicate. In Italy art and literature are organized to perform the Fascist salute. In England it is only necessary to say that fifty thousand people are reading a book or following a pastime in order to induce another fifty thousand to do the same. Prohibition and regulation in the interests of the greatest comfort of the greatest number is the only principle of statesmanship that is ever publicly confessed, and the modern State is an application, varying only in its urbanity, of the

methods of Ku Klux Klan. 'Jean le Maufranc' was a noble protest against this modern worship of mobilization, and its failure last season was the dearest victory yet won by the organized intelligence of Paris over the pioneers.

The withdrawal of 'La Carcasse' and the failure of 'Jean le Maufranc' were disasters whose moral significance cannot be overlooked. Present attention, however, is almost exclusively directed to material conditions. The present *crise du théâtre* in Paris is ascribed almost wholly to the disappearance of the responsible theatrical manager, a development with which London is only too familiar. There are scarcely half-a-dozen theatres in Paris at present in which the man who actually presents a play is not several times removed from the man who is responsible for the theatre in which it is performed. This state of affairs gives rise in Paris to a bitterness of feeling between authors and managers much more acute than anything we meet with in London, because in Paris the theatre is more rigidly organized. There is an association of dramatic authors and an association of theatrical managers and the authors have an agreement with the managers defining their relations. The French dramatic authors have always been so deeply convinced of the absolute necessity, if the stage is to survive at all as a respectable vocation, of being able to deal with managers who are themselves men of the theatre, who have taste and tradition, who present plays of their own choice in theatres with which they are personally associated, that there is a special clause in their agreement, made, I believe, in 1918, directed against the whole system of sub-lettings, substitutions and combinations which has since become almost universal. In spite of this, however, the business of the theatre in Paris, as in London, is now run mostly by men who cannot read a play, for the agreement of 1918 is no longer respected. Speculators ignore it, and authors in search of a theatre will lend themselves to the most complicated transactions *pour se faire jouer*. All but six of seven of the theatres in Paris are sublet, and even the young author who makes it his business to keep himself informed of the various combinations afoot (and that is a whole time job) is hard put to it to know in any particular case to whom he should send his MS.

It follows that in Paris as in London the real work of discovering new plays with any claim to distinction falls upon the few independent theatres—the *théâtres-à-côté* or *scènes d'avant garde*. Those who run the big theatres wait for these plays to be discovered, and the plays are then adroitly annexed on behalf of some syndicate and produced at a theatre sublet several times over with pickings for everybody. This practice of subletting has gone so far that M. Pierre Wolff, ex-President of the Society of Dramatic Authors, has just publicly offered a thousand francs to anybody who will tell him to whom the "Théâtre Antoine" really belongs. M. Wolff incidentally informs his countrymen with shame that the French theatre has definitely adopted *le système anglo-saxon*—a system based on the unemployment of actors and the subjection of authors to the caprices of a bewildering succession of illiterate showmen prepared at odd moments to back handsomely their own or somebody else's fancy.

I hope, however, in despite of all this, to be able now and then to draw attention to some of the more successful activities of the few independent managers who remain. Too much emphasis should not be laid upon merely material conditions. There is a genuine dramatic revival in Paris and, though it will be fighting against odds during the months immediately ahead of us, there is no real possibility of ultimate defeat. For when it comes to the point the man of business though he may heartily despise the goose that lays the golden eggs, is shrewd enough to realize that it is bad policy to exterminate the species.

THE BATTLE OF THE BREADS

THIS title is not an historical reference to the "hungry forties" nor does it contain subtle allusion to tariffs or other forms of international strife. Readers of *Punch* will remember the cartoon displaying the controversy at present raging in the medical world between the champions of white bread, or brown bread, wholemeal or that which contains no germ. The public rightly complains that no two doctors think alike on this subject, and although Sir George Newman has recently come out "on the side of the angels" by advocating white bread in his report for 1927*, there is the whole voice of the New Health Society maintaining with one accord that the consumption of white bread leads to the modern evils of constipation, dyspepsia, and finally to gastric ulcer itself. No ritual of an unleavened feast could arouse more bitter passions than those which are displayed at meetings where such subjects are discussed.

For years it has been the custom of this country to feed pigs with the germ of wheat instead of keeping it for the flour. Some observers go so far as to say that the germ has toxic properties (reported as "tonic" in one of our leading daily papers on July 22), but it would be as true to maintain that exclusive feeding on any part of the grain would lead to signs of poisoning in the animal so fed. Indeed, the antivivisectionists would rightly maintain that experiments on animals cannot be held entirely applicable to man. There is a great deal of human experiment, however, which proves that the eating of wholemeal bread, or even of bran, produces a welcome return of intestinal peristalsis among those who were wont to depend for this on the use of drugs. MacHarrison has proved by experiment on monkeys in India—and monkeys are more nearly allied to man than guinea pigs or mice whatever the British Association may maintain—that if these creatures are fed in captivity (that is, with restricted exercise) on a diet of cooked meat, white bread, cooked vegetables, they develop the following symptoms: they become less energetic, their coats are unhealthy and when dissected the intestines are found to be enormously dilated with a very flabby muscle coat. This picture, gloomy as it may seem, is not so remote from that of the middle-aged man or woman who leads a somewhat similar existence. But if, on the other hand, these monkeys have wholemeal bread, raw fruit and uncooked vegetables, milk and a minimum of meat, their health is entirely different, their intestines function normally, they display an abundance of energy and good temper! From which it will be seen that I am, so far, in favour of this sort of diet.

The whole position revolves round the question of the vitamin content of the flour together with the rôle played by mechanical irritation. In a recent issue of the *Lancet* a somewhat acrimonious correspondence was published on the two schools of thought, those who favour white bread maintaining, "While we readily admit that vitamin B, which is essential to health, is present in wholemeal flour and practically absent from white flour . . . any lack of vitamin B in white flour is definitely remedied when the flour is made into bread by the addition of yeast, which contains plenty of it." On the other side writers agree that "The question really at issue is in respect to the quantity of vitamin B in these two kinds of bread. . . . The addition of yeast to white flour in the baking of bread is not overlooked by scientific workers, but the point is that not enough yeast is added to compensate for the loss of vitamin B from the whole grain in milling. Ten per cent. of baker's yeast is needed to make good the loss, while bread, as usually baked, contains from one to two per cent." The author of

* 'The State of the Public Health for 1926.'

this point of view, however, pertinently remarks that there is no yeast in the white flour used for cakes and pastries which form so large a part of our daily diet.

The advocates of white bread maintain that the loss of vitamin B can be made good by eating eggs, milk, meat, etc. They do not dwell upon the economic position which prevents many of the workers of this country making good the loss in this way. The amount of vitamin B required must be proportionate to the total consumption of food, and while it is not possible to estimate the daily dose required, it has been found possible to prevent beri-beri in the Japanese Navy by the allotment of a daily ration of whole barley or unmilled rice.

White bread has only been excessively used in this country since the introduction of machine-made bread. It is a common experience that more white bread can be eaten than brown, probably because it is more easily digested; this, however, is not a virtue on the part of white bread, for just as we know that it is unwise to feed a child on a partially digested patent food, so it is perhaps undesirable to accustom the alimentary canal to food that is very easily assimilated. A certain amount of "roughage" is necessary to secure proper elimination of the waste products of the body, and this roughage can be obtained either in wholemeal bread or in the cellulose of green vegetables and raw fruits.

While it is obvious that further evidence about causes of diseases are necessary before coming to final conclusions, and some persons believe that statistics belong to the "third order of lies," the advocates of brown bread should be urged not to exaggerate its claims or to recommend it as a panacea for all human ills. We shall soon, probably, have a campaign on behalf of the much-neglected pig, who will be deprived of the large quantities of germ which were formerly his share if brown-bread eaters win the day! What is omitted from the discussion is the fact that the public, like the king in the ballad, "do like a little bit of butter with their bread." I recently undertook to find out how much butter was consumed per head of the population in England and Wales. The figure given, which is only quoted with extreme caution, worked out at rather less than half a pound per head per week. While we keep our eye fixed on one aspect of health, such as that due to the presence or absence of vitamin B, we must not lose sight of the fact that to build up a healthy nation we require a well-balanced diet which should, among other things, give us butter instead of margarine. This question will form the subject of a further article.

HYGEA

VARIETY

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

THE only guardians of the domestic life and the domestic affections we have left seem to be the advertising people, who insist upon doing duty for the Lares and the Penates. They alone carry on the tradition of Dickens's Christmas stories, these crickets on the hearth. The more expensive the goods they praise, the louder they sing Home Sweet Home. They like to buttonhole us about the "wife and kiddies." They believe we have such a passion for what they always call "our own fireside" that no matter what it is they have to sell, so long as it can be brought to the fireside, they believe we shall want it. Thus a pianola gives us all the rich treasures of the world's greatest masterpieces of music at our own fireside; and if that is not enough for us, then here is an

encyclopædia that will bring all the world's vast stores of knowledge to our own fireside. I have even seen a few desperate artists try to combine the motor-car with the fireside by showing the usual people in their armchairs and insinuating a tiny five-seater open tourer into the picture, where it rests on a dream fragment of road.

They tell us over and over again—it is their great opportunity—what wireless will do for us at our own fireside. Without stirring from our armchairs—for your good advertiser hates us to walk about or stand up—we can hear the news and the history of those deep depressions over Iceland, the very witty after-dinner speeches of politicians, descriptions of sonata-form and salmon tinning, jokes and jazz and music—and all delivered at our own fireside. This is indeed admirable, for even if you do not want to hear after-dinner speeches or dance bands (and I must say that both are insufferable when listened to, as it were, in cold blood) there is still the music. It is very pleasant to hear, as I did the other night, Miss Myra Hess playing her arrangement of that lovely chorale of Bach's, while sitting at home. No man in his senses likes the atmosphere of a concert room, and nothing could be better at the fireside than good music.

Not everything, however, can be successfully brought to the fireside. I realized that the other night when I listened in to a variety programme. I have no fault to find at all with the programme itself. All the people were good of their kind, and their kind was that of the music-hall. They had better voices than the average music-hall singer, and I have no doubt that their jokes were really very good jokes. The band, which played bright jerky little tunes between the turns, quite in the old style, was really a better band than one ever found in the real music-hall. All that it was possible for man to do in such circumstances the B.B.C. and their performers did, and I beg them not to imagine that this is one of the usual complaints. Yet the fact remains that, to one listener at least, that entertainment seemed as dead as mutton, whole worlds away from the genuine variety show. What killed it was the fireside. It was just as if one had asked some racy fellow, encountered in a saloon bar, where he was in his glory, into the house and ushered him into the drawing-room, only to find that he was completely out of his element, not knowing what to say or where to look.

Nobody enjoys comedians more than I do, as my friends, who have been bored many an hour by my rhapsodies upon them, can testify, but I do not want a comedian—or at least another comedian, a professional—at my own fireside. It is one thing having those ridiculous swinging songs roared at you from the actual stage, with the drummer in the corner below banging away, and it is quite another thing to have them carefully telephoned to you, as you sit quietly and coolly at home, from the B.B.C. studio. You see the fish in its tank, a quick flash of colour in the green, a glitter of fin and tail; but bring it out, into the biting air, and in a few moments it is nothing but a little greying thing, fading and stiffening into dead

matter. So it is with the japes and antics and strummings and drummings of the variety show: they live only in their own atmosphere.

If the armchair I was sitting in, the other night, had suddenly narrowed and draped itself with the dingy plush of the three-and-sixpenny fauteuil, if the fire into which I was gaping had turned into a golden stage with the backcloth of some incredible marble hall, and the firebars and irons had become a dull blur of orchestra, if I had had a crowd of other humming and guffawing mortals on every side of me and the air had been thick with smoke and a vague smell of bottled beer, then I should have enjoyed that variety show. It would have been restored to its own atmosphere. I have always been fond of the Halls, though I suppose I am really too young to be allowed to write about them. I ought to leave that to those who remember the Halls when they had chairmen and whiskered lion comiques. Mine is a later era—and a provincial one at that—and such memories as I have are of little twice-nightly places and of Mark Sheridan and T. E. Dunville and Eugene Stratton and Florrie Forde and the Six Brothers Luck.

There were two music-halls in the town I lived in, and during my teens I used to go regularly to one and to sneak off regularly to the other. One was considered fairly respectable—even deacons had been known to visit the place—but the other, the one I sneaked to, was held to be very low. And so it was, in one sense, for it was almost underground, the gallery being only level with the street. It was quite a descent into the pit and the orchestra stalls (one shilling). But the good people of the town—the shop-and-chapel people, as a friend of mine (we had bitter tongues in those days) called them—regarded it as a still greater descent, one into Hell itself. One of the things that were whispered about fellows who were obviously going to the bad was that they were patrons of the (shall we say?) Asterisk. The *demi-monde* of the town were to be seen in those orchestra stalls or lolling in the long bar underneath the stage, where you might sometimes see the artistes themselves, glorious in grease paint. The Asterisk had an orchestra of ten, I remember (I can see them now), and never did ten men work so hard. The conductor played a violin, beat time, nodded to his friends, and exchanged gags with the performers, all without turning a hair. If there was the slightest interval without music, those ten had disappeared, and then were back, wiping their mouths, before you could count twenty. There was no nonsense about tuning up with them: they scrambled in, picked up their instruments, and were off at the first wave of the bow. They were always down on the programme to play an overture, and they always began one very loudly and at top speed, but they were never allowed to play more than a dozen bars before the curtain was up and they were on with something else. I do not suppose those ten men had the slightest idea what the second page of an overture was like or any notion of how to finish one. But they did their duty manfully and made more noise than any band I have ever heard since.

I liked the Empire—for that was the name

of the more respectable Hall—but I liked the Asterisk even better. It did not pretend to be refined and to be fit for everybody. It was smoky and beery and noisy and vulgar, and if you did not like it, you could lump it or go across the way to the Mechanics' Institute, where, no doubt, a lecture entitled 'With Net and Camera on the Norfolk Broads' was in progress. The Asterisk did not offer you feeble one-act comedies or solemn musical turns (in drawing rooms with shaded lights) or imitation Russian dancing or gentlemanly entertainers at the piano. Indeed, if anybody at the Asterisk had tried to sing merely with a piano, had dismissed the magnificent ten below, he or she would have been hooted off. We liked to have the band with us, and the verse once and the chorus nineteen times. We were at once noisy and critical and in order to be pleased, or even placated, we had to have artistes who had stage personalities like a kick from a mule. Half the stars of lighter stage in London to-day would not have had a dog's chance at the Asterisk, and rightly too. The stuff we were given, I have no doubt, was poor enough, nothing like so admirable in melody and wit as the performance of the B.B.C. people the other night; but there, in that rich atmosphere, with the stage glowing cavernously through the blue haze, the drums rattling in your very ears, it all seemed tremendously alive.

They tell me that variety is dying, that the old twice-nightly Halls are being transformed into either theatres or cinemas. If this is true, it must be because variety has lost its own unique atmosphere, its own sweet rowdy-dowdy vulgarity, its mixture of silliness and naughtiness, its Dear-old-pals and On-the-spree-up-West airs—has, in short, been brought closer to the fireside and so has faded and shrivelled. I suspect too that, in the provinces at least, the decay of puritanical manners, the recent collapse of the shop-and-chapel front, has helped to ruin the variety show. A good part of its audience in my time was made up of brisk lads who were defying the respectabilities and "seeing life." You cannot see life through a pair of ear-phones, and even the loudest loud speaker does not make you feel that you are rebelling against the minister and all his deacons. Merely to enter the old smelly passage of the Asterisk and plank down your shilling was an adventure. What, I wonder, are the adventures now?

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him by the first post on Wednesday.

THE OXFORD PRESERVATION TRUST

SIR,—Your Oxford correspondent's criticism of the new Preservation Trust rests on two arguments, each of which is open to reply.

1. "It occurs to no one," he writes, "to inquire why such a body should be proposed or what right it has to exist. The preservation of Oxford's amenities is the duty of the Corporation of Oxford." These words take no account of the chief difficulty in the present situation. Two County Authorities (Berks and

Oxon), besides the Oxford City Council, are concerned in the business with which the Trust has to deal. The beauty of Oxford is at this moment imperilled in two quarters neither of which is under the jurisdiction of the Oxford Corporation—viz., on Foxcombe Hill, which is in Berkshire, and in the fields between Old Marston and Cuttleslowe, most of which are in the administrative area of the Oxfordshire County Council. One of the aims of the Trust is to act in liaison with these three administrative bodies and to promote co-operation between them. Vigilance is needed, and vigilance must be organized.

2. "By any standard of taste . . . the Oxford worth saving is already irretrievably lost." If your correspondent would look again at the view of Oxford from the path up Wytham Woods, I think he would feel that, after all, things are not so bad as he feared. Oxford, as in Newman's days, still stands in a belt of meadow. The belt is broken, as it always has been, in two places, but both on the Marston side and at Grandpont this green verge to Oxford is safer than it was twenty-five years ago because College athletic fields have kept parts of it from the builders. The verge was recently threatened at Marston Ferry, but the Trust bought a hundred acres of meadow at the vital point.

3. Even if it were conceivable that Parliament would be willing to Germanize the municipal administration of Oxford after enlarging its area at the cost of the County Councils of Berks and Oxon, the change would take so long that existing opportunities would be missed. The Trust has been formed to seize these opportunities before it is too late.

I am, etc.,
M. E. SADLER

University College, Oxford

[Our Oxford Correspondent makes the following comments on Sir Michael Sadler's three points:

1. Sir Michael Sadler assumes that the "jurisdiction" of Oxford Corporation ends at the County Borough boundary. For town-planning purposes this is not the case; the City Council has all the powers it needs if it would only use them. It is implied that the Council is at a disadvantage as against the Trust for acquiring land in the administrative counties of Berkshire and Oxfordshire. But at Cuttleslowe in Oxfordshire—the most distant point named—the Council has already bought 80 acres for educational purposes, and it also owns land for allotments at South Hinksey in Berks, beside large tracts right out beyond Cowley. Now if the City can buy outside land for allotments and schools it can equally well buy for amenities; the 1925 Oxford Corporation Act empowers it both to borrow money and buy land "for the benefit, improvement, or development of the city." The responsibility cannot therefore be planted on the County Councils.

2. There are several picked points from which, if you want to, you can plausibly blind yourself to the devastation, and indulge in a vision of what Oxford might be if she cared. As *The Times* photograph showed, you can even do it from Boar's Hill if you take enough trouble over the viewpoint. But approach Oxford from any direction and you learn the true state of affairs. The main Henley road is "ribboned" with trashy houses to Littlemore, and will be next year to Sandford; the Faringdon road to the top of Cumnor, the Woodstock road beyond Wolvercote, the London road for over three miles, and so on.

3. No doubt the Trust will seize several opportunities which the negligence of the Corporation has almost frittered away. But the Trust is much more shackled by the question of funds than the Corporation has been by some very generous Acts of Parliament. The Trust hopes to secure at a cost of something like £11,000 a small part of the slopes of Boar's Hill. How, on this basis, can anyone expect to raise enough by voluntary subscription to save the situation? Take a map of the district and shade over all areas which have been or are likely to be thus saved; they are a mere drop in the bucket. And even if fabulous sums were raised they would, in the absence of proper control, simply deflect the stream of building into equally undesirable fields as fast as present happy hunting-grounds were shut against them. Moreover, the amount of national income available for donations is very limited, and such funds will clearly be raised at the expense of schemes like the Stonehenge and Seven Sisters appeals, which, coming from poor and thinly populated rural districts, must have national help for their salvation. Oxford City is rich, and rich mainly because of the University and tourist assets. Far more money is spent in Oxford than was ever earned there. If rates have to be raised to preserve amenities, or loans subscribed, no city can better afford them, or have less reason for complaint at paying for the

maintenance of things which have attracted such a colossal unearned increment, and do still.

The Trust policy is doomed to failure. It would save open spaces here and there, but it will be powerless to control builders who exploit their benefits. It cannot even pretend to touch the uneconomic folly of ribboning all the country roads for miles round with jerry-built houses. And its existence will soothe people only too ready for soothing into the belief that all is well. I assure Sir Michael Sadler that it is only because I so strongly share his desire to save Oxford that I criticize a means which, in my opinion, can prove no more than a pitiable stop-gap.

—Ed. S.R.]

NATIONAL ECONOMY

SIR,—Under the above heading in your last issue is perhaps the best statement of facts that has yet appeared—facts and flawless deductions. Nothing will be done. Nothing by this Cabinet Committee (with the best will in the world) can be done. What is it we lack? Is it material wealth? If so it can be obtained by producing more exchangeable goods (it matters not whether they be exchanged within or outside this country). There are 1,000,000 unemployed and a like number under-employed, say 1,500,000. The State being a debtor they are necessarily supported by the employed. These 1,500,000 can produce or put work on exchangeable articles of the net value of at least £200,000,000 per annum, and at no cost to the community. The National Debt interest and the unemployed are the true, the chief, if not the only causes of the loss of our overseas trade. In certain textile trades the reduction of hours from 56 to 48 is one of the causes.

Perhaps, having regard to the discredit under which Free Trade and *laissez-faire* have (not altogether deservedly) fallen, the best means (not the only ones) would be to safeguard by subsidy the export trades to the point of regaining the overseas markets, involving the need of the services of all the unemployed.

It is certain that these subsidies would involve no permanent rise in prices, no inflation, for the additional production of goods would equal the subsidies. Thus:

Dr.	Cr.
Subsidies or free credits £200,000,000	Value of additional goods £200,000,000

I am, etc.,

A. HENTHORN STOTT

5 Cross Street, Manchester

THE HOME OFFICE AND STREET OFFENCES

SIR,—Your comments on the newly-appointed Home Office Committee of Inquiry into Street Offences do not seem wholly reasonable. Where is there a line between "the Murray and Champain cases" and the cases of "women suspected of solicitation"? Is justice to men more important than justice to women? Or justice to people of established good character more needed than justice to people whose reputation has already been soiled? The public indignation over the Murray and Champain cases is righteous and not too strongly felt and expressed. But the laws they suffered under are precisely the laws which govern charges brought against women alleged to be prostitutes. The law and the administration that are being challenged are identical in both sets of cases. The men whose cases have moved public opinion have, luckily for them, had at their disposal money sufficient to stand the cost of an appeal, and have thereby cleared their characters. Many women, and for all I know some men as well, have not had the means to do this; and who is to say that in none of these cases an appeal would not have shown a like miscarriage of justice?

Two reforms are urgently needed, applicable to all citizens alike: (1) That it should be impossible for a conviction to be passed on any citizen so derogatory to his or her character as a conviction for a "street

offence" on uncorroborated evidence alone; (2) That in all such cases appeal to a higher court should be cheap and easy, and the possibility of such appeal made known to every convicted person.

By the way, the "representations regarding solicitation and other offences" were not made exclusively by "women's organizations." The lead in the matter was taken by the Association I have the honour to represent, an Association founded many years ago under another name by Josephine Butler, and consisting as it always has done both of men and women.

I am, etc.,

W. C. ROBERTS,

Chairman: Association for Moral and
St. George's Rectory, Social Hygiene
19 Woburn Square, W.C.1

RELIGION AND SCIENCE

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. W. Thompson, in your issue of October 22, asserts that science ignores Christianity and that Christianity has a quarrel with science. Surely he is mistaken. Truth does not quarrel with itself and religion must be founded on truth to persist. How can Mr. Thompson afford to pooh-pooh the fact that so many people, of different races and ages and civilizations, all witness to the same experience of spiritual reality? The "mystical tradition" cannot lightly be explained away. Are the deaf to deny that others can hear? There are, underlying all great religions, common truths which have no quarrel whatever with science. Christianity combines everything that is good in other religions, and, except in so far as it has been added to by those who have lived after Christ, rejects all that is bad in them.

Mr. Thompson mentions several scientific generalizations that have met with bitter obstruction from the Church. He must realize that theologians, like everyone else, make mistakes, and much has been connected with Christianity that was never taught by its Founder. I fail to see how the generalizations referred to raise any difficulty, and if Mr. Thompson would read Part 2 of Hugh Capron's 'Conflict of Truth,' also Sir Oliver Lodge's 'Evolution and Creation,' and then carefully think the matter out, bearing in mind "A Parson's" remarks, especially that "the Bible is not a scientific text-book," he will realize that "A Parson" was right when he said "No assertion of science can possibly affect the salvation offered to man by God in and through Jesus Christ—pseudo-scientists' declarations notwithstanding."

But, however all this may be and whatever the truth is, I fail to see the practical utility of such letters as Mr. Thompson's. All that can result from them, in so far as I can tell, is that they may cause great pain to such Christians who are simple-minded enough to be taken in by them. Christianity harms no one, and if it is a dying religion, why is it not allowed to die in peace? Why are there men who would like to give it another blow? It is because it is very much alive and this vitality is apt to annoy those who do not understand it.

I am, etc.,

3 Dene Road, RONALD M. FORD
Northwood, Middlesex

THE LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION

SIR,—In his letter published in your issue of October 22, Mr. MacCallum says that he would like to know how the money subscribed by the public to the Royal National Life-boat Institution is applied, and asks if anyone knows if regular balance sheets are published.

An audited statement of accounts is presented every year at the Annual Meeting of the Governors of the Institution to which the Press are invited, and it is published both in the Annual Report of

the Institution and in its quarterly Journal. Both Report and Journal are sent to the whole Press and to the public libraries. Copies of the report go to all Branches of the Institution, and copies of the journal to the Branches and to all subscribers of half-a-guinea and over. They may also be seen by anyone who applies to the Institution. Thus, everything possible is done to keep both the subscribers to the Institution, and even those members of the general public who do not subscribe, fully informed about the Institution's work and the way in which its funds are employed.

Mr. MacCallum refers to three items of expenditure. The replies to his inquiries on these points are:

1. The administrative expenses of the Institution last year were 4½ per cent.
2. Many of the Institution's life-boats have been built, in whole or in part, out of gifts or legacies, made to the Institution for this specific purpose, but with only one or two exceptions the boathouses and slipways, as essential as the life-boats themselves, and sometimes more costly, have been provided out of the general funds of the Institution.
3. So far from the life-boat crews, "not participating to any great extent in the funds provided by a generous public," the Institution last year spent over £39,000 in rewards, fees and pensions to coxswains and crews.

Your correspondent gives six reasons to show that shipwrecks are fewer and a Life-boat Service less necessary. With some of these the Institution cordially agrees. Economic factors, coupled with a general increase in the efficiency of the various measures both for preventing sea casualties, and for the saving of life when such casualties occur, have undoubtedly decreased the number of lives in danger on our coasts. Your correspondent, indeed, might have mentioned other factors, such as the general adoption of motor power by fishing vessels, the establishment of Directional Wireless Stations. By decreasing the number of lives in danger, they have also decreased the number of lives rescued. But at the same time they have decreased the number of lives lost. Equally important—for it shows the increased efficiency of the means of rescuing life from shipwreck—the number of lives lost is not only fewer, but is a much smaller proportion of the number in danger. Thus, a recent calculation has shown that, of those implicated in sea casualties on our coasts and not able to save themselves in ships' life-boats or by their own personal endeavours, about 21 per cent were lost in 1913; whereas in 1926 only about 10 per cent were lost. The Life-boats rescued fewer lives in 1926 than in 1913, because fewer were in danger; but 66 per cent of all those rescued in 1926 owed their safety to the Life-boats, while the corresponding figure for 1913 was 57 per cent.

The Life-boat Service may therefore claim to have increased in efficiency since before the war; and as the number of lives rescued by Life-boats in 1926 was 361, it does not seem likely that many of your readers will hold the view that this Service is unnecessary. One thing is certain: in modern conditions, a Life-boat Service, organized on the lines which were apparently familiar to your correspondent in his youth, would be of little value. Sea casualties are fewer than they used to be, but, perhaps naturally, those that occur are as a rule more difficult to reach. To meet the new conditions the Institution is adding to its fleet of motor Life-boats boats with a large radius of action and great reserve of power, by means of which rescues can often be effected from wrecks which the old pulling and sailing boats could not hope to reach.

With regard, however, to three of the reasons which your correspondent gives I must point out:

1. That though the Coastguard perform an invaluable service as coast-watchers, in informing the life-boat stations of wrecks, they cannot, however "numerous and well-trained"

they are, take the place of the life-boats in going out to the wrecks.

2. That, however much the rocket apparatus has been improved, its use is still limited to the rescue of the crews of vessels wrecked close in shore.
3. That so far from there having been a "great increase in the number of tugs," the increase since the war has been very small, while, since the Washington Conference, the number of His Majesty's ships in commission has greatly decreased.
4. That, even if the number of tugs and "swift Navy motor vessels" were unlimited, the need for life-boats would remain the same. Such boats cannot, as your correspondent seems to think, supersede the life-boats.

Wrecks often occur in weather conditions and in situations such that no vessel not specially designed and equipped as a Life-boat, and constructed with expert skill and specialized knowledge, could hope to reach the casualty and effect a rescue.

In conclusion, your correspondent suggests that there should be "some examining authority for all voluntary concerns like the R.N.L.I., which would furnish the public with exact information as to the application of the funds subscribed by them." So far as this Institution is concerned that "exact information" is already published by it; and its subscribers, the public and the Press can examine it at any time. If any other authority is required it already exists, so far as this Institution is concerned, in the Board of Trade.

The Board of Trade maintains the Coastguard and the Rocket Apparatus. It is, by Act of Parliament, the Government Department responsible for the protection of life from shipwreck round our coasts, so that, if the Institution ceased to maintain the Life-boat Service, the duty would fall on the Board of Trade. The Board of Trade and the Institution work closely together, and are in constant communication. I have no authority to speak for the Board of Trade, but I think your correspondent would find that this Government Department, with a more intimate knowledge of the dangers of our coasts and the means required to protect seafarers from them than any other body possesses, would be the last to give support to his suggestion that a Life-boat Service is no longer needed.

I am, etc.,
GEORGE F. SHEE,
 Secretary

Royal National Life-boat Institution,
 Life-boat House, 22 Charing Cross
 Road, W.C.2

[Owing to lack of space, many letters are held over.—ED. S.R.]

THE THEATRE HALF PORTIONS

BY IVOR BROWN

Home Chat. By Noel Coward. The Duke of York's Theatre.

OUT of nothing nothing comes, observed the sage Lucretius, and it is a text on whose truth the dramatic critic is often compelled to reflect bitterly. How am I to say anything about Mr. Coward's new play since it says nothing itself? The author evidently was conscious of having catered on ungenerous lines, since on the first night, when he was addressing an audience whose temper varied between the comatose on the ground floor and the cantankerous on high, he explained that in plays of this sort everything depended on the production and the performance. Does not this rather suggest a host, or an hotel-keeper who, having forgotten to order any food, proudly claims that the plate and the service are admirable? So they may be, but even the most grandiose platter deserves its cutlet. Miss Madge Titheradge is, we know, a most accomplished player. But that does

not justify the dramatist in omitting to supply her with a play.

Most of Mr. Coward's plays have a casual air. If one wishes to be kind, one may call them effortless; in churlish mood one can dismiss the dramatist as abominably lazy. 'Home Chat' seemed to me one of the laziest plays I had ever seen. It had no air of workmanship in its levity and no substance in its gravity. Nothing was developed or planned or built up. It was short even according to modern West End standards of an evening's entertainment. I am well aware that one does not choose a dinner by its length and that a civilized taste is not displayed by ordering beer instead of brandy because there will be more of it. None the less there are limits to the limitation of bulk in plays and I fail to see how the fashionable dramatist, whose pieces just crawl through a couple of hours with the aid of a couple of long intervals, can reply to the direct criticism of the man who pays for his seat that he is not getting enough for his money. This is no malicious invention of the naughty critic who does not always respond to the complimentary spirit in which his ticket is sent to him. It is a view constantly expressed in those solid middle-class circles which Mr. Noel Coward may not greatly frequent but on whose favour the prosperity of the theatre depends.

It is a commonplace that provincial managers are shy of booking these brief little West End pieces. Their audiences go in at half-past seven and do not wish to be turned out before half-past nine. They do not see why they should pay once-nightly prices for twice-nightly fare. That sentiment is not limited to Coketown. A friend of mine who is potentially a good playgoer from the manager's point of view as well as my own (i.e. he buys an expensive seat and buys often) recently told me that he was tired of paying present prices for plays which begin at 8.40 and end at 10.40, including at least half an hour's interval-space for the benefit of the bars. But let us leave out the questions of chronology altogether. It is possible to pack much substance in a small vessel, but my objection to the type of play of which 'Home Chat' is typical is that the vessel is very small and almost empty.

Consider the content. Paul Ebony is a Chelsea mollusc who has just enough energy to let Mrs. Wittersham flirt with him in the intervals between his sessions at the novelist's desk. Janet Ebony has been on the Riviera and, while returning, meets her old friend Peter Chelsworth. There is a muddle about sleeping-car reservations and Peter is stranded; Janet admits him to her double compartment. There is a railway accident; the couple survive, but their reputations do not. The first act shows the return of Janet and Peter to the Ebony household, where are gathered various people far more enraged about honour lost than delighted about life preserved. Janet is disgusted because her story of an innocent partition of the sleeping-car is not believed and she hits back by acting with Peter the guilty passion with which she has been falsely charged. However, Peter wants to marry his original choice and does so; but not before Janet has met his friend, Major Alec Stone, of the Guards, who turns out to be an excellent companion for trips to Paris. Janet, having at last convinced family circles of her innocence in the case of Peter, cannot convince them of her guilt with Alec. However, guilty she is and so her husband is now free to succumb wholeheartedly to Mrs. Wittersham and the audience is free to go home.

All the art of Miss Madge Titheradge could not create in me the faintest interest in the sexual history of Janet Ebony. The whole Ebony set had nothing to say about sex and insisted on saying it. Paul and Janet and Mavis and Peter and Lavvy and Alec may be set to partners at last, but who on earth cares who's living with whom? They are all witless fragments of negativity, and Mr. Coward blasphemes against the

29 October 1927

Life Force if he thinks it can produce nothing more than these mean little sub-humans. But let that pass. Men have blasphemed against the Life Force before now and been extremely amusing in the process. Mr. Coward now seems too tired even to be entertaining. The ocean itself is no flatter than some of the dialogue in this play.

What matters is not 'Home Chat' but the chattering-smattering type of play which it represents. I suggest that the drama which consists of ninety minutes of nothing is doing the theatre an immense amount of harm. We need not drag in the moral issue. The point is simply that no trade can flourish in which the customer has a continual sense of short-weight. By short-weight I do not refer only to the number of pages in the text or of minutes on the stage, but to substance in general. We are apt to smile at the solemnities of the problem play which was fashionable twenty years ago. But, while it was solemn, it was also solid. It was not flung at us like a charade. It was presented with the dignity proper to a piece of work. You did not leave 'His House in Order' with the feeling that the author had dashed it off between five and seven or dictated the dialogue while lying in his bath. There are many ways in which a play can be given substance. It may be built up and carry the stamp of conscientious architecture: or the piece may be formless according to professional standards and yet be loaded with opinion worth stating finely and hearing with attention; again, it may be a jest on which the artist has worked with the honest intention to make a triumph of method out of a trifle of matter. There are, in other words, the drama of a Pinero, a Shaw, and a Maugham, all different in intention and similar in one essential quality. They are workmanlike. They have the substance proper to their kind. There is something for the customer whichever counter he visits. The dramatist's job has been honoured and the public's taste respected. But nowadays dramatists are not ashamed, they are even proud, to claim that they have written such and such a piece in the twinkling of an eye. The result is half-portions served at the price of full ones. No doubt there is still room for neat acting on the lid of these vacua. Mr. Basil Dean has an accomplished company to conduct the squabbles and amours of the *Maison Ebony*. Mr. George Relph, Mr. Arthur Margetson, and Mr. George Curzon could not be bettered in their various species of male fauna of the West End, while Miss Titheradge, Miss Helen Spencer, and Miss Marda Vanne are their partners in skill. Production and performance did what they could. But after all, play-going begins to lose its attraction when there is only the shadow of a play.

ALSO RUNNING:

The Kingdom of God. By Martinez Sierra. English Version by Helen and Harley Granville-Barker.

Piety in three panels. The production of a play whose heroine is of virtue all compact is such a rarity in these days that this piece should appeal to those play-goers who have been bored by the eternal parade of the smart and sinful, the gunman and the ghouls. Sierra presents three milestones in the life of a nun; she resigns luxury and love to build the heavenly kingdom among old pensioners, unmarried mothers, and orphan children. The producer, Mr. Filmer, builds his spiritual castles in Spain with skill and Miss Gillian Scaife acts the lady of mercy with a consistent dignity, missing the freshness of the child who offers her life to God, but finely realizing the maturity of the woman who considers the world well lost. There are some slow, dull patches, and the scene in the maternity home is over-wrought and ineffective. But, for those who want drama which is different and has an atmosphere of aisle and altar, the play should be a satisfying experience. The prices are different too, so that there is more to see and less to pay than when the House of Satan is living up to its nickname.

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—87

SET BY CLENNELL WILKINSON

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a summary of the history of England since the Peace, written in the manner of Gibbon, preserving not only the great historian's prose style, but also his general attitude of mind, and limited to three characteristic sentences containing altogether not more than 200 nor less than 100 words.

B. Having disposed of drinking songs and patriotic songs within the last few weeks, we now offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best bathroom lyrics. As there is probably an angry queue waiting outside the door, competitors are advised to keep them short.

RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week LITERARY 87A, or LITERARY 87B).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of these rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, November 7, 1927. The results will be announced in the issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW immediately following. Neither the Editor nor the setter of the Competitions can enter into any correspondence with competitors.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 85

SET BY DYNELEY HUSSEY

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an account of a visit to the Motor Show at Olympia, purporting to come from the pen of Mr. Spectator. The account should not exceed 500 words in length, and may, at the competitor's discretion, be an extract from a longer essay.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a list of the twelve musical compositions produced during the past thirty years, that is since 1897, which, in the opinion of the majority of the competitors, are likely to prove to be of lasting value. It is suggested, as a guide, that the list should include four operas, oratorios or cantatas, four large orchestral works—symphonies, concertos, symphonic poems, etc.—and four works for chamber combinations or pianoforte. But this proportion may be varied at the discretion of competitors.

REPORT FROM MR. HUSSEY

85A. The versatility of some people is astonishing. Here are our old friends, if they will permit the familiarity, Doris Elles, Lester Ralph and Major Brawn, feigning the voice and manner of Mr. Spectator with the same skill which they have shown in the assumption of various other disguises. Lester Ralph finds it better to travel than to arrive, and spends most of his time getting to Olympia, in the company of Sir Roger de Coverley. So, in spite of an excellent parody aptly headed with a quotation from Ovid, he is out of the running for a prize. Major Brawn's account of his visit in the same company has some good points, but his expression is a trifle too stilted. The language of Steele and Addison flows better and more clearly

than this. Among the others, A. Wilson did well, but he writes "there," where Mr. Spectator would certainly have written "thither." Charles G. Box is commended for some apt moralizing, but his contribution sags badly in places. W. R. Dunstan is more consistently good, and takes the second prize, although he imitates the less entertaining aspect of his model. Doris Elles wins the first prize, easily.

FIRST PRIZE

... Sometimes we were justled among a Company of Clerks and Artizans: Sometimes we were lost in a Body of Traders consulting together or made one with a Party of private Men. Everywhere we turned amid the great Concourse of people we heard the Competitions and Debates of the Salesmen, as those in charge of the Vehicles were called. Each Groupe of Vehicles had one or two of these Elegants in attendance and Nature seemed to have taken particular Care to furnish them with such Airs of graceful Persuasion as most readily inclined us to the Belief that we were all united together in a Common Interest. My old friend Sir Roger, having considered the Vehicles and assured himself that he never could ride in such a manner, looked about him attentively until he spied one of the Salesmen that was deeply scarred upon the right Temple. For you must know, he whispered, that there is a great talk of these Vehicles in the country and if I am to advise my Tenants truly upon their chusing of a particular Kind or Quality I will declare I had rather every One of Them should lose Twenty Pounds than not employ the products of this honest man that has been wounded in his Country's service.

Whilst my good Friend obliged the Salesman to acquaint us with the History of his Vehicle I was infinitely delighted to observe them from the Inside or Body as it is called, than which there is no Place in this Assembly so proper for Contemplation.

I must confess I had not expected to see so rich a Crowd of merchants, countrymen and foreigners. The poorest among them were as easily moved to Excitement and Emotion as the most wealthy and at every Pace it seemed there were Peculiarities of Trappings and Workmanship that pleased Some and provoked Others. I was fast falling into a Fit of Musing when Sir Roger's loud cheerful Voice recalled me. He was still engaged in a Conference with the Salesman and both were making Reflections on the Greatness of the British Nation. As: the Salesman, that his Vehicle could beat every other One in the Building; Sir Roger, that we could never be in danger from the Foreigner so long as we looked after our Navy; the Salesman, that the English workmanship on his Vehicle was the best in the Kingdom; Sir Roger, that London was the greatest City in the World.

As the old Knight's voice rose higher in his Country's praise the Salesman added so many triumphant Particulars of his Vehicles and fetch'd such deep sighs that he seemed like to melt for the Fulness of his Feeling. Upon which I reminded Sir Roger that we had not yet drunk a Glass of Ale to the success of the Assembly and withdrew with him, not without difficulty, to another part of the Building.

DORIS ELLES

SECOND PRIZE

Et nova sunt semper. Nam quod fuit ante, relictum est . . .
Ovid, Met. xv, 184.

Still moving, ever new; for former things
Are laid aside, like abdicated kings . . .
Dryden.

An insatiable thirst after knowledge carried me to Olympia, where I had heard there were many things new and wonderful to be seen, for though I have never meddled with the practical side of motoring, yet wherever I see a cluster of people from whom I may learn there I mix with them and act my part as looker-on.

I had no sooner walked up the body of the O than I found myself besieged with a crowd of agents offering me their respective services, and I was much gratified with the civility and courtesy that I everywhere received as though I were a

monarch and they my vassals. It gave me a great gratification, as an Englishman, to see so many of my fellow-countrymen engaged in so rich and profitable a business, and I reflected with pride that it was in our own metropolis that this emporium of the whole motor industry was being held. As I bustled my way through the crowd I found this grand panorama of exhibits yielding me an infinite variety of real and lasting entertainments. I admired with joy the spacious and rich accommodation of the cars de luxe; nor did I forget to bestow a due meed of attention on those humbler productions that revealed to me there had been no forgetfulness of the man of lesser wealth. These smaller cars intrigued me not a little, and I greatly marvelled when I was told of their economy in travel, their manufacture in mass, and especially of their lowness in price. I was wonderfully amazed at the variety and ingenuity of the advertisements that were so cunningly designed that the eye was compelled to observe and the mind to receive.

Nor was it the least part of my happiness to gaze upon the great body of spectators and to enjoy the zealous interest which they everywhere showed; nay, to such a degree was my curiosity raised that in my capacity of listener, for I seldom opened my lips, I learned much from the happy multitude, for a good trader may well be pleasanter company than a general scholar. I found in all that I heard a sufficient answer to them who see in competition but a cause of mutual antagonism and mistrust. Wealth and plenty are the natural fruits of competition, which increases our conveniences, stimulates endeavour, energises research, and, above all, fills our commerce with wise and understanding persons.

The experiences of the day gave my mind employment on my homeward journey, and apprised me that it is good for a man to learn of how much he is ignorant, that his self-esteem may be tempered with the saving grace of humility.

W. R. DUNSTAN

85b. The results of this ballot were satisfactory to me, but not, I fear, to the competitors. The voting resulted in the following order of choice:

1. 'The Dream of Gerontius' (Elgar).
2. 'The Planets' (Holst).
3. Violin Concerto (Elgar).
4. Symphony No. 2 in E flat (Elgar).
5. 'Der Rosenkavalier' (Strauss).
6. 'Madama Butterfly' (Puccini).
7. 'The Immortal Hour' (Boughton).
8. 'Pelleas et Mélisande' (Debussy).
9. 'Hiawatha' (Coleridge Taylor).
10. 'The Hymn of Jesus' (Holst).
11. The Pastoral Symphony (Vaughan Williams).
12. String Quartet (Ravel).

'The Dream of Gerontius' received three times as many votes as each of the last five works. The greatest surprise in the list was the high place given to 'Madama Butterfly.' 'La Bohème' had only one vote, and no other of Puccini's works was mentioned. On the other hand English music took a large place, all the more important works of Elgar, Vaughan Williams and Holst being included. Unanimity was least apparent in the choice of chamber-works. Too many competitors put down their favourite pianoforte pieces. No list contained more than six of the twelve works mentioned above, and of those who achieved this number, two included works by César Franck, who died in 1890. Strauss's 'Don Juan' (1889) and Debussy's quartet (1893) are also outside the specified period. I recommend, therefore, that the second prize be awarded to G. A. Newall, whose list is an admirable one, based on something more than personal predilection, and that the first prize be withheld. Will G. A. Newall send his address to the Editor?

SECOND PRIZE

Choral:

Vaughan Williams: Mass.
Holst: 'The Hymn of Jesus.'
Elgar: 'The Dream of Gerontius.'
Delius: Mass of Life.

Symphonic:

Vaughan Williams: The Pastoral Symphony.
Holst: 'The Planets.'
Elgar: Second Symphony.
Bax: Symphonic Variations for Piano and Orchestra.
Stravinsky: 'Oiseau de feu.'

Chamber Music:

Ravel: String Quartet.
Bax: Piano Quintet.
Frank Bridge: String Quartet.

C. A. NEWALL

BACK NUMBERS—XLVII

IN 1876 the SATURDAY REVIEW, dealing with Mrs. Kingsley's memoir of Charles Kingsley, said: "The most general impression made upon us by the book is that Mr. Kingsley, whatever his shortcomings, was a man who wanted little to become an important social force; but also, as we must confess, that he distinctly wanted something." The criticism was shrewd. With all his talents, and he was amazingly versatile, Charles Kingsley remains a writer who attempted many things in which he fell short of perfect accomplishment. For myself, I am inclined to share the belief once expressed by himself, that his poems, the best of them, would ultimately be regarded as the most valuable part of his work. It is true that he was a poet only incidentally, and that something of the amateur clung to his verse. But look at the best things in his verse, and ask how many others have done, not greater things, but things truly comparable.

To take a merely technical point first, he produced on one occasion almost the most nearly satisfactory English hexameters, or let us more safely say almost the most nearly satisfactory dactylic English verse that we have. He wrote several lyrics that have a genuine personal feeling, the best of them, at least to my mind, the piece which, whatever he may have called it, I always summon to mind as 'Airlie Beacon.' In another kind, he produced that queer little piece which has the refrain superficially absurd but extraordinarily effective, of "Barum, barum, barre." Without being in the full sense a poet, Charles Kingsley wrote certain things to which it is very difficult to find a parallel. Here, as elsewhere in his work, one has a feeling that, with a little more effort, a little more narrowing of purpose, he might have done masterly things.

Rather late in life, and in these papers I do not profess to be exact as to dates, Charles Kingsley expressed the opinion that his true bent was scientific rather than literary: he would rather, he said, take a low place in science than a high place in literature. With this distinction there was another, or, rather, several others. Poet and novelist, in intention a scientist of sorts, he was also some sort of a social reformer, and he was in his own way a militant, a "muscular" Christian. That a man with all these aims should succeed completely in any—how unlikely! And that a man should entertain all these ambitions argues an inability to choose his way. Charles Kingsley killed himself with overwork. He broke down under the excitement of writing 'Yeast,' when he was no more than thirty; and thereafter, so far as I remember his life, he was at very short intervals in search of health and the renewal of energy.

His intellectual position, like the intellectual position of most fighters, was obscure. It must be presumed that the author of 'The Poacher's Widow' and other things of that sort, regarded the landed aristocracy as pestilential. Eventually, he was found to be anxious to restore feudalism in England. According to his own account, the change of opinion was justified by—the Crimean war. This sort of simplicity was characteristic of Charles Kingsley all his days. Those who remember our cartoon, on the occasion of the seventieth birthday of this paper, will recall that Charles Kingsley figured among 'Saturday Reviewers, Past and Present'; but that he should have written with some frequency for this paper is astonishing. To be sure, then, as now, it welcomed independent opinions conveyed in good English; but

Charles Kingsley, with his naïve enthusiasm, his somewhat crude religion, his general amateurishness, was not precisely the companion of those who made this paper.

When the criticism to which I have been referring was printed, Charles Kingsley had been dead a year. At the time when he passed away, the SATURDAY REVIEW said that "a very large number of persons will have heard the news of Mr. Kingsley's death with a peculiar sentiment of regret," but went on to complain of his intellectual defects. It was noted then, but indeed it had long been notorious, that Charles Kingsley was ill-qualified for speculation, indifferent to philosophical difficulties, far too ready to assume that self-analysis was necessarily unhealthy. In some respects, as was then cordially admitted, his influence was good; but it was pointed out that he encouraged a stupid complacency among just the people he reached most easily with his novels. His dislike for the excesses of asceticism and sentimentalism was pressed into the service of those who were only too ready to adopt that detestable mixture of goodness and heartiness to which the nickname of muscular Christianity was given.

Myself, but I admit that I have not looked at anything by either brother for years, I think 'Ravenshoe,' with all its faults, a finer novel than anything by Charles Kingsley, but Henry never had, and never will have, the public devoted to Charles. The more famous brother scored not only by virtue of his greater versatility but by reason of his vigorous and timely appeal to the popular conscience. In what might roughly be called his Chartist period, Charles Kingsley undoubtedly stirred the bulk of his readers to the depths in regard to social questions. If he did not illuminate, he stimulated that generation.

When Charles Kingsley died, the SATURDAY REVIEW remarked that he could not be absolved from all responsibility for the progeny of Amyas Leigh, which in the fiction of that period had "become a considerable nuisance." Those huge, blundering, male animals must indeed have vexed critical readers of fiction in the 'seventies, but we, who are free from them, need not reproach Charles Kingsley on that score. The trouble was that he set a fashion, and that the fashion was prevalent not only to the end of his life but for a decade or so after it. His own worst fault was inability to understand that there were some things beyond his competence. The bull in the china shop was a model of discretion compared with Charles Kingsley in certain controversies. He never made the choice which every artist must make, never decided what things were truly his subjects and what were not. His impulsiveness, his zeal for reform, his confidence that there was nothing that a hearty, healthy Christian Englishman could not cope with off-hand, led him into many errors. But he remains a vigorous writer, with a vein of genuine poetical feeling, with a real gift for the picturesque treatment of historical material, and with an ingenuousness which, occasionally irritating, often refreshes and delights his reader. He is, after all, almost alone in representation of a type of Englishman to which our national life owes much. What foreigners may make of him is hard to imagine, and it would be interesting to know how far Continental criticism has taken heed of him. An eminent French critic said of Swift that he aroused in a Frenchman only a bleak perplexity; with what greater astonishment must the Continental mind view so insular a creature as Charles Kingsley!

STET.

REVIEWS

MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ

BY EDWARD SHANKS

Letters of Madame de Sévigné to her Daughter and her Friends. Selected, with an Introductory Essay, by Richard Aldington. Routledge. 2 vols. 21s.

IT is not often that one comes to a frequently cited classic with a perfectly virgin mind. But, I must confess, though the confession be not much to my credit, that until I took up these volumes I knew next to nothing of Madame de Sévigné or her letters. I knew, vaguely, that she had conducted some sort of a correspondence in the seventeenth or the eighteenth century. But in which, or on what, or what sort of a person she was, I could not have said. She was, for me, one of those authors whom one takes on trust and hopes to read, in whole or in part, some day. That day has now arrived, and, upon the occasion of Mr. Aldington's edition, I will, if Mr. Aldington and my readers will pardon the word, *constate* my impressions.

He is, I find, first of all, a strangely discouraging editor. Let us take the mechanical points first. The text seems to be taken from a translation published in 1811, though this fact is not stated on the title page. There follows it what is described, on the title-page, as "An Appendix of Biographical and Historical Information," but in its own place as "Additional Notes," by A. L. Hayward. Who Mr. Hayward may be, and whether he flourished in 1811, or still flourishes, or both, we are not permitted to learn. The selected letters are numbered consecutively without reference to any complete edition. Several of them are marked with an asterisk and a foot-note informs us that "the letters with an asterisk before the number are new letters." But there is nothing to suggest whether Mr. Aldington or the unnamed editor of 1811 affixed the asterisks and wrote the foot-notes.

All this is a little discouraging from one point of view. But Mr. Aldington does even less for his author when he comes to introducing her. "The books," he says, "which everyone must read do not fill many shelves: the books which anyone may read with pleasure and profit are ranged by furlongs in the British Museum." He goes on to say that a Frenchman must read Mme. de Sévigné, but that English and American people need not unless they want to. He goes on still further to ridicule many of her admirers and to make fun in particular of "the heroic example of the late A. B. Walkley, who took literally Sainte-Beuve's advice and read *all* the ten large volumes of letters in the *Grands Ecrivains de la France* edition." After this the half-hearted reasons he adduces why anyone should read Mme. de Sévigné fall a little flat and can do nothing but dishearten the most eager newcomer. He is right, no doubt, speaking quite impartially, in pointing out that the lady's merits have been unduly exaggerated, but one expects a little partial enthusiasm in a sponsor, and one is prepared, as a preliminary measure, to subtract from it a certain recognized percentage. If one subtracted this percentage from Mr. Aldington's opinion of Mme. de Sévigné, one would be left with works fit for nothing but the common hangman.

After this unpropitious introduction I came to the letters themselves a little chilled, a little too ready, perhaps, to share Mr. Aldington's moderate estimate of their value. As it is, making all allowances for preliminary influences and the mood thus induced, I fail to see that they deserve their reputation. Mme. de Sévigné belongs to that common sort of letter-writer which is always making excuses for something. As a rule (Henry James is a conspicuous example) they

apologize for writing so late and so infrequently, but she for writing so soon and so often. Mr. Aldington tells us that she was devoted to a rather unamiable daughter, to the detriment of a son who had the misfortune to remind her of his father, and that her daughter and son-in-law put up with her unceasing stream of advice because she was able to subsidize their extravagance. This may be an interesting situation. There is nothing interesting in the exaggerated terms in which Mme. de Sévigné expresses her affection for Mme. de Grignan. Here is one specimen which may stand for this preponderating element in all the letters:

I have not seen Gacé; I believe I shall kiss him. Good heavens, a man who has seen you, who has but just quitted you, who has even spoken to you! with what pleasure shall I behold him! Your description of Cardinal Grimaldi is excellent; the words, "Does it sting?" are exquisite, and made me laugh heartily; I wish you could oftener do the same. Montgobert diverts me; she understands your language; how happy she is in having good sense, and in being so near you! I have no patience with fools! They make my blood boil. I thank you for remembering the game of reverses, and for playing at mall. The latter is admirably adapted to persons who are well made and skilful like yourself. . . . I wept bitterly when I wrote to you from Livri, and I wept anew at the affectionate manner in which you received my letter, and the effects it produced in your heart. Our souls were very communicative, and passed faithfully from Livri into Provence; if you feel the same sentiments every time I afflict myself about you, I pity you, and advise you to renounce so unpleasant a sympathy. Never, surely, was anything so easily awakened as my affection for you; a thousand circumstances, a thousand thoughts, a thousand remembrances occupy my heart; but always in the manner you could wish; my memory presents me with nothing but pleasing images of your amiable qualities; I hope yours does the same.

I do not know how this may have affected Mme. de Grignan. It strikes me with unspeakable boredom, and there is far too much of it for comfort, even in this selection. One is entitled to presume that there is no less of it, even if there is not more, in the full version.

As a reflection of the time in the news conveyed by a well-meaning old gossip, who has no better occupation than gossiping, the letters contain a good deal that is amusing. It is even thrilling to have a glimpse of M. d'Artagnan conveying the fallen Fouquet to and from the Bastille during the course of his examination. And who could be proof against a pang of pity for Vatel, the Prince de Condé's cook, who played the Roman fool and fell on his own sword, because there was a shortage of fish when the king came to visit his master. *O si sic omnes!* There is also the Marquise de Brinvilliers, of whom Mme. de Sévigné repeats a highly indecorous joke, but of whom she says, after her execution, that "her poor little body was thrown into a large fire, and her ashes dispersed by the wind."

The letters do not, however, rank high as a gossiping reflection of the time. Mme. de Sévigné had not the gusto of a Pepys or a Horace Walpole. Her main characteristic was an egotistical devotion to her daughter. When she wrote about Vatel or the Brinvilliers it was much less because she herself relished these delectable items of fact than because she hoped thus to excuse her greedy and interminable demands for affection. The reader cannot help feeling that her focus of interest is not on the fact she describes and by so much his own interest in her is diminished.

DISRAELI

Disraeli: A Picture of the Victorian Age. By André Maurois. Translated by Hamish Miles. The Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.

IS the public's appetite for short biographies of Disraeli quite insatiable? Publishers evidently think so. Since the completion of Monypenny and Buckle's great work shorter studies have appeared in such

numbers that it is difficult to keep count of them. It almost looks as if a substantial fraction of those who read thoroughly the six volumes of the standard 'Life' must feel called upon to produce a short book of their own on the same subject. Clearly the personality and career of Disraeli continue to exert a fascination on both writers and readers. The latest to succumb is M. Maurois. He studies the mystery and the genius of Disraeli from a new angle of vision, and the result is a picture of a delicacy and discrimination which we can only say have the quality we expect from him. In spite of its numerous competitors, his latest book is welcome. It is penetrating, witty, in places exquisite and moving.

What was the Sphinx's secret? Timidity is the surprising answer we get from M. Maurois. In his judgment it is this which explains much that is puzzling in Disraeli's career—from the time when, as a school-boy, he took secret lessons in boxing to the days when he made it a rule always to flatter and where royalty was concerned to lay it on with a trowel. The idea is suggestive, but M. Maurois does not overwork it. He is not oblivious of less hidden traits, the aloofness, the strength of will, the impenetrable coolness, the clear-sighted ambition and lastly that supreme quality which is here called "a long youthfulness of heart." Yet despite his qualities and his outward success, Disraeli's political career was, in M. Maurois's opinion, a failure: "His desire had been to give a whole nation an intellectual and romantic ideal; he had failed. And he had failed precisely because he was an aristocrat of the spirit, whereas the character of England is essentially that of its middle classes." The defeat, however, the author continues, was only relative: "He had pieced together the fragments of a great party. He had re-established the balance between the historic forces and the forces of transition and change."

It is not, however, in such passages as these that the essential quality of this book is shown. A better example is the delicious paragraph inserted in the account of Disraeli's first budget:

The subtle poetry of a British Budget is perhaps the most recondite art for an unfortunate who, like Disraeli, has not been reared from infancy by the Muses of Westminster. Its mysterious but inexorable laws are such that a penny on sugar will suddenly set up a horrid dissonance (and all the old subscribers gnash their teeth and look pitifully on the new conductor of the orchestra), whereas a penny on beer would perhaps have made in their ear the most delectable harmony. The tax on malt and the naval reductions chase one another in difficult, but very strict, counterpoint, which is revealed no doubt by instinct to the born Chancellor of the Exchequer. Gladstone, a natural *maestro* of this austere and sublime art, had no trouble in laying bare the faults of the prentice hand.

The delight of reading M. Maurois is such that we do not pause to mark judgments whereon we differ, nor to note omissions and rapid transitions. His sure art reveals so much that we do not remind ourselves that, after all, what is revealed is still incomplete. His sympathies are thoroughly Disraelian and anti-Gladstonian. The Queen "had seen through Mr. Gladstone." But the inevitable comparison and contrast of Disraeli and Gladstone, though some would demur to its exactness, is done with extraordinary brilliance, and with a real effort to achieve impartiality. Thus M. Maurois points out how they misjudged one another: "Disraeli was sure that Gladstone was no saint, but Gladstone was far from certain that Disraeli was not the Devil. . . Neither of the pair believed in the other's religious convictions, and there again they were both wrong." The skill with which M. Maurois shows the sincerity and nature of Disraeli's religious convictions is notable, for he accepts the truth of Smythe's witticism: "Dizzy's attachment to moderate Oxfordism is something like Bonaparte's to moderate Mahomedanism."

Notable also is the treatment of Disraeli's relations with the Queen—a blend of "pastoral poetry and politics." But it is difficult to do justice to all M. Maurois's excellences. His inimitable touch is

upon everything he writes. In describing, for example, the scene at Disraeli's maiden speech in the House of Commons he notes the presence of Lord Palmerston "with his dyed and carefully brushed side-whiskers, Palmerston of whom Granville said that he looked like some old retired croupier from Baden, and whom the Whip deemed vulgar, because he had not that ceremonious respect for the Crown which the Whigs had always shown, even when they were dethroning kings." It is, perhaps, needless to add that we are given a choice selection of Disraeli's revealing sayings: "Life is too short to be little," "In a country so aristocratic as England even treason, to be successful, must be patrician." And, after defending the Church in debate, his remark to a fellow Member of Parliament: "It is curious, Walpole, that you and I have just been voting for a defunct mythology."

On the problem presented by Disraeli's romantic career as a whole this book throws more light than many weightier volumes. That a witty novelist of despised race and doubtful antecedents should have succeeded in becoming leader of a party, Prime Minister, and confidential friend of Queen Victoria is a fact only explicable, as M. Maurois explains it, by reason of his possession of qualities so developed as to constitute real genius.

"TIME-PHILOSOPHY" AND THE ARTIST

Time and Western Man. By Wyndham Lewis. Chatto and Windus. 21s.

DISCONTENT with significant productions in contemporary art and literature has directed Mr. Wyndham Lewis's attention to metaphysics. He is not a philosopher by profession, and does not write like one; nor could that be expected of a former collaborator in movements that with the works of James Joyce, Miss Stein, Proust and others have become a rage in High Bohemia. Mr. Lewis responds to philosophic tendencies as an artist, from his "occupational position," as he puts it. The gifted persons with whom he was once associated have produced what seems to him to be a counterfeit art, and he looks round for causes, and finds these in environment, particularly philosophic environment (Bergsonism, English "mathematical philosophy," Spenglerism). He turns to metaphysics, therefore, with a strictly practical end, in the hope of finding among his studies some new ammunition to direct against the "enemy," romantic art. For the moderns, though they may not know it, are all romantics in a bastard fashion. They are all at bottom "revolutionary simpletons," pure fools—Anita Loos and Charlie Chaplin are Gertrude Stein popularized—and one can, he thinks, connect up the cult of the child (Stein), anti-quarianism (Ezra Pound), futurism (Marinetti) and mechanical naturalism (Joyce) with the "time-philosophy" explicit in Spengler and implicit, as he argues, in Bergson, the English mathematical philosophers, and the Italian neo-idealists. In the nick of time, as it were, Mr. Lewis detached himself from movements which he now denounces with a ferocity comparable to that with which Nietzsche (whose main motive in philosophizing was also æsthetic) in his 'Case of Wagner' assailed the music of Bayreuth—only his ferocity, unlike the German's, is unminged with sentimental regrets.

Mr. Wyndham Lewis's manner of approach to the problems of philosophy, being dictated by practical motives, is to be distinguished from that of Croce, for example. Croce formulated a general theory of art in which certain metaphysical prepossessions were implicit, and with its aid worked out a philosophical system. Mr. Lewis's starting point is in his rejection of certain contemporary forms of art (or pseudo-art). He proceeds from data of experience, or, if you like,

of prejudice, among works of art, from something observed at all events.

His criticism of Spengler's 'Decline of the West' is founded first on its alleged incoherences, its absence of inner logic, and secondly on the baleful practical effects of this fatalist philosophy. "Everything whatever—as much a scientific theory as the hat you wear—is a phenomenon of fashion, a time-phenomenon—a 'history' not a 'truth.'" It is not difficult to discover objections, theoretical and practical, to Spengler's deification of time; but in attempting to understand Bergson, and mathematical philosophers like Whitehead and Alexander as new realists who confute and at the same time identify the older realisms and idealisms by introducing Spenglerian time as a governing factor, Mr. Lewis sets out on a more questionable task. Spengler says that metaphysics are no longer possible, and sees Kant as the last philosopher in the grand style. Can there be a real correspondence between him and Professors Whitehead and Alexander, who, following Bergson, are engaged in an attempt to make science metaphysical, that forlorn hope? Mr. Lewis holds that science should confine its pretensions to the useful; it is not, and cannot be, philosophy. But this is also the position of Gentile and the Italians, whom, nevertheless, he confounds in the one condemnation with Bergson, Whitehead and Alexander, and, therefore, with Spengler too! Consideration of Dr. Whitehead's 'Science and the Modern World' brings Mr. Lewis into contact with pantheism, a more solid heresy than the time-theory, and to grips with very real—but not so novel, after all—issues. In Berkeley the "immaterialist," Mr. Lewis finds an unexpected support for his criticism of the neo-realists, who, with the aid of Einsteinian physics propose to dissolve nature and make reality dynamical. What he wants is to preserve the "deadness" of nature (Berkeley's inactivity of our "ideas") which maintains the distinction between God and the world; and he denounces Dr. Whitehead's attempt to provide the poets with a romantic nature-picture which they will like as an impertinence. The neo-realism of Whitehead and Alexander puts metaphysical reality into the external world, and brings science out of the sphere of the useful, to which Berkeley relegated it two centuries ago.

The universe becomes an intuitive animal, and the deadness of nature is explained away as the "link of the intellect." This pantheism implies the disappearance of mind as a metaphysical entity, and leads in practice to a depreciation of the intelligence, and that "philosophy of action" the disastrous consequences of which Mr. Lewis's vitriolic pen is eminently capable of depicting.

The classical background, not the "faustian," seems to Mr. Lewis to be necessary for the health of art, and, as he argues in the closing chapters of his book, for that of religion and philosophy also. May not the popular counters, "life" and "action," have "originated in the revolt of the man of action, the motorist, against the authority of the sages of antiquity, against all that immemorial life of restraint and love of wisdom?" But though the word does not occur in the course of this book, Mr. Lewis's frame of mind recalls that of the eighteenth-century deists rather than the frame of mind of the Platonists. Exaggerations like these have a familiar, but not a classical ring:

Is not an average volume of history a long account of the triumphs and disappointments of the second rate, of kings, bishops, bootleggers and merchants?

Mr. Lewis "sees through" history with a facility one must suspect; so with his shrinking from the "mystical, specifically religious experience"—this too is "deist." Sometimes he descends in tone to the level of iconoclastic rationalists like Mr. Mencken in America, vulgarizers of the deist tradition. But the book—for all the latitude Mr. Lewis allows to his can-

ankerous wit in polemic—is a really serious and acute analysis of contemporary philosophy, and if its intelligibility be disputed the fault will not be of the author. He promises us as a supplement an outline of his particular beliefs. This announcement arouses curiosity, for it is evident already that nothing in the nature of traditional theism will be his alternative to the prevalent pantheism.

THE "VENETIAN OLIGARCHY"

The House of Lords in the Eighteenth Century.
By A. S. Turberville. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 21s.

MR. TURBERVILLE has done a competent, scholarly and meritorious piece of work on an uninspiring theme. In the eighteenth century the House of Lords, like the House of Commons, did little and did it pretty well. It is the century compendiously described by a German historian of the constitution as the period of the consolidation of the power of the ruling class—that is, of the landowners. While it was considered to be the duty of the Government to govern, by which was meant to carry on the administration, it was not thought to be the business of the Legislature to legislate. Its business was rather to further the interests of the class which had triumphed at the Revolution and in particular of that section of it whose principles had been embodied in the Hanoverian settlement.

The present volume is in continuation of an earlier work which dealt with the same subject in the reign of William III. The period covered is from 1702 to 1783. The author deals, therefore, with the heyday of the Whig oligarchy and closes his inquiry before the lavish creations of Pitt transformed the character of the Upper House and made it representative of wealth rather than of birth. These eighty years divide naturally into three parts, the reigns of Anne and the first two Georges, and the first twenty-three years of the reign of George III. The first of these differs considerably from the other two, inasmuch as party struggles were complicated by quarrels between the Chambers. But after the accession of George I the situation changes completely, and with one important exception the two Houses acted in harmonious co-operation to the greater glory of the Whig oligarchs. Toryism being tainted with Jacobitism, there begins the long reign of the Whigs, and parliamentary issues were about persons, connexions or factions, not about parties or programmes. Political history becomes a series of struggles between "ins" and "outs." It is no wonder that some people became impatient:

What that rogue loses, this rogue wins,
Both are birds of a feather.
Here's d—the Outs and d—the Ins,
And d—them all together.

The Whig monopolization of power was facilitated by the personal limitations of George I and George II. There was no royal obstacle in the way of a "Venetian Oligarchy." The first two Georges had to content themselves with the powers of a Doge. It is not surprising that an attempt should have been made, at least as regards the House of Lords, to close the Golden Book by restriction of the right to create fresh peers. This attempt, however, was foiled and under Walpole's leadership what George II called "that damned House of Commons" became predominant, but not uncontrolled. It is, perhaps, the chief merit of Mr. Turberville's book that the importance of the House of Lords and its indirect controlling influence in the constitution in the eighteenth century is completely demonstrated. As he succinctly puts it: "The Peers did not object to the increased consequence and prestige of the Lower House, so long as they could

retain an effective hold upon its composition." This was secured, of course, by the influence of individual peers in the constituencies. Squires and peers, united by a fundamental common interest, the land, combined to keep power in their own hands, and the peer was the predominant partner. As Bolingbroke said, the landed men were the true owners of the political vessel, the moneyed men being only passengers.

The great territorial magnates not only virtually controlled the House of Commons. They controlled Cabinets and departments as well, not to speak of their influence in local government. Very naturally the history of the time is almost exclusively filled with the quarrels and alliances of a few Whig families. Aristocracy, it may be said, sums up in a single word their political creed. Its best exposition is in Burke. In the eighteenth century it was contested from two sides. Bolingbroke put forward his theory of a "Patriot King," which George III attempted to translate into practice. And at about the same time we get the first activities of the Radicals. The latter had to wait till the next century. George III's unsuccessful attempt took place in the concluding part of the period covered by this book. But he could only work through the aristocracy. He relied on the Scottish peers, the bishops, and seventy-six placemen in the House of Lords, though on the American question he probably had a majority of peers on his side even apart from patronage.

Mr. Turberville's judgment on the Whig oligarchy is: "It understood the ordinary business of justice, administration, and diplomacy. But its range was limited, and it was deficient in powers of imagination. It failed where the situation demanded a sympathetic appreciation of unfamiliar points of view, of other conditions of life, and of the emergence of the novel problems of a new age. It bungled the colonial question and the Irish question; it did not even recognize that the Industrial Revolution involved the birth of a social problem." On the other hand it "gave stability to government and continuity to national policy." There was also the great tradition of public service. Unhappily this usually meant, in one sense or another, feathering its own nest.

PERSIAN PASTELS

Suhail. By Coleridge Kennard. Richards. 10s. 6d.

SIR COLERIDGE KENNARD has lost none of that delicate art which made his 'Level Crossings' one of the notable books of its year. His touch is as gentle, yet as sure and sensitive as ever, his colours as wistfully soft. He seems to be rather dreaming of his Persian gardens than seeing them before his eyes. Or perhaps it is that he feels the utter impossibility of describing scenery in words, while the artist in him compels him still to try. There is an interesting confession in this passage, taken from a description of the coming of spring in the southern desert:

There is no gradation as in England and in France of those more lovely days that prepare for the fulfilment of spring. It is compressed, packed here into one sudden burst, one rocket of colour. Nothing really can describe the brilliance of these oases which rise from out of the desert. One would have to lower expression to some dead level, and then put over it one single, scintillating jet of words. . . .

At any rate, the book is full of wonderfully fine descriptive writing—so much so that we are apt to forget that the author is really recording a most remarkable journey, which would be worth reading about just as a travel exploit, even if he had been unable to give his narrative any literary charm. Starting from Teheran, the author's caravan moved south through Kerman and Bam to the borders of the Lut Desert, which he crossed by a route apparently never followed by any European except Sven Hedin, and so over the frontier into British Baluchistan.

He passed through villages where, as he says, no one had ever heard of Russia, villages that seemed to be half asleep, yawning, till the amazing apparition of a bell-tent would bring out the entire population to sit in a circle staring at it half the day and night. One of his servants plays on the zither: no one in the village has ever seen a zither before, and when the man goes back to his cooking "they still sit in silence, staring down."

This is the kind of book that does not pretend to be a complete travel record. It is made up of jottings—sketches here and there. But we may learn much from it. It reminds us, for instance, that, in spite of the invention of the motor-car by far the greater part of the world is not changing, not "progressing," not being discovered, not being "opened up," but is jogging along very much as it always has, without curiosity and without regrets.

HEARTH AND STEEPLE

English Chimney-Pieces. By Guy Cadogan Rothery. Tiranti Press. £2 10s.
Architecture. By A. L. N. Russell. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

SUCH a work as 'English Chimney-Pieces' is extremely useful. It consists mainly of a collection of plates illustrating the focal point of old houses, with a number of well-produced measured drawings. The Introduction of Professor Kocher and Mr. Rothery's text occupy only a few pages, but they form a concise survey of the subject. Short of personal inspection of innumerable specimens, nothing will tell the student more than good photographs, and these are very good indeed, excellently reproduced in collotype on fine paper.

The standard of knowledge to-day is considerably higher than it was a generation ago when, as Mr. Russell tells us in his Introduction to 'Architecture,' "the lady novelist was apt to describe her hero as 'stepping briskly over the lintel' as he entered the house." The fireplace and its adornment is certainly an important point for consideration, and it is here that architecture and the art of furniture-designing must combine. Particularly lucid and interesting is Mr. Russell's description of the development of the comparatively comfortable Tudor and Elizabethan houses from the fortified pigsties which preceded them. But, writing as an architect (and not as a sentimental antique-collector), he severely trounces much Jacobean detail of the Baroque persuasion. "Everyone knows," he observes, "the typical Jacobean mantelpiece or doorway, with hideous figures of leering satyrs or over-abundant females which, halfway down, turn into columns. . . . There was never any period in English History when architectural detail was so debased and hideous. . . ."

As a purist Mr. Russell can hardly be gainsaid, but when we turn back from him to Mr. Rothery's beautiful plates, we feel that he has been a little harsh. Putting aside any sentimental nonsense about the "quaintness" and charm of Jacobean caryatides and the over-elaborate carving with which panelled chimney pieces (as well as furniture) was adorned, we cannot escape the conviction that age, as such, brings grace to the satyrs and columnar nymphs—the grace of long worn and polished wood of variously delightful colours. Though architecturally much purer, some of the many eighteenth-century designs for chimney-pieces reproduced here are far too "busy," at least for small and homely rooms. If a fault is to be found with Mr. Rothery's magnificent collection of photographs and drawings it is that the eighteenth century is too copiously represented. More seventeenth-century examples could advantageously have been included. Moreover, there are hardly any fireplaces of definitely humble

origin, illustrated from farm-house or cottage, and these, though frequently of no architectural pretensions, are often pleasing in themselves and can ill be spared from a general inspection of the subject. A minor fault of this sumptuous book is that the plates are only described by period: for further particulars the reader must turn back to the list of contents. Also, the period is frequently referred to as "Elizabethian."

Mr. Russell's book, one of the Simple Guide Series, sufficiently illustrated with sixteen plates and a number of useful explanatory drawings in the text, "aims," the author tells us modestly enough, "at breaking down the alarming barriers of technicality." That is to say, it is a practical introduction to the study of architecture, addressed to people who know nothing about the matter, who are anxious to learn, and for whom more advanced and specialized books are, for the moment, useless. Mr. Russell rapidly surveys the history of his subject from Mesopotamia and Egypt, passing through Greek and Roman building, Norman, Gothic, and Renaissance, to the present day. His summary of the Gothic revival, so-called, gives an adequate outline of what the beginner requires to know, though a word as to Pugin's recantation in 'The True Principles of Pointed or Christian Architecture' would have been welcome. His unstinted praise of the Houses of Parliament suggests that he is a guide whom many architects will regard with misgiving. In an excellent chapter on the United States he observes that "this vision of a modern architecture of clean lines, simple masses, and surfaces on which the eye can rest without being 'vexed and tired' by the constant distraction of meaningless features, is one of America's best gifts to the Old World." It is not sufficiently understood by the sentimental antique school how extremely fine some of the sky-scrapers of New York are. The general shape of a building, its silhouette, and the arrangement of its masses attract the attention of the modern architect, especially in Northern Europe, and it is in this direction that future inspiration will lie. Mendelssohn's Einstein Tower at Potsdam may shock all observers: a minority will find that shock pleasurable. But the co-ordination between purpose and effect is close and it is probable that much architecture in the future will be developed in agreement with the principle implied.

A COCKTAIL

Plain Jane. By A. P. Herbert. With decorations by A. K. Zinkeisen. Fisher Unwin. 6s.

IT is a rather unexpected fact about Mr. A. P. Herbert that he seems to read even better in book form than in the weekly Press. His jokes are so topical, his manner so airy and so brief, that one might have expected him to have found his final spiritual home in the columns of *Punch*. But this is not the case—with all respect to *Punch*. On the contrary, we begin to wish that Mr. Herbert would reprint his verses in larger volumes than this. We have been accustomed to taking him in small doses, but it is clear that one cannot have too much of him at a time. He "makes up" into a book as perhaps no other living humorist could.

There is, for instance, a variety about his work, a prodigality of ideas, for which one would never give him proper credit when one meets him only once a week. His case is the opposite of that of the after-dinner wit, whose great reputation depends upon a very small stock of anecdotes, with which his friends are only too well acquainted. The longer Mr. Herbert talks, the more he seems to have to say. He even produces (in book form) a very definite impression of an outlook upon life, a philosophy—if he will forgive the word. For he means what he says, though he says it with a smile. There is sincerity and feeling behind everything he writes.

Another point, of course, is that many of Mr. Herbert's best efforts have never appeared in *Punch*. 'Two Gentlemen of Soho,' for instance, which is perhaps the cleverest thing he has written, would obviously have been too long. It appeared, however, in the *London Mercury*, and is happily reprinted here. The style is that of Shakespeare, the scene a night-club in modern Soho. One of the gentlemen orders a cocktail, thus:

WITHERS:

Pluck me ten berries from the juniper,
And in a beaker of strong barley spirit
The kindly juices of the fruit compress.
This is our Alpha. Next clap on your wings,
Fly south for Italy, nor come you back
Till in the cup you have made prisoner
Two little thimblefuls of that sweet syrup
The Romans call Martini. Pause o'er Paris
And fill two eggshells with the French Vermouth.
Then home incontinent, and in one vessel
Cage your three captives, but in nice proportions,
So that no one is master, and the whole
Sweeter than France, but not so sweet as Italy.
Wring from an orange two bright tears, and shake,
Shake a long time the harmonious trinity,
Then in two cups like angels' ears present them,
And see there swims an olive in the bowl,
Which when the draught is finished shall remain
Like some sad emblem of a perished love.
This is our Omega. Go, fellow!

WAITER:

Sir,
It is too late. I cannot serve you.

That is "A. P. H." at his best. And it may be added that the scattered samples of his wit which he has collected and compressed together in this book have shaken up into a literary Martini as sparkling and variegated and stimulating as the cocktail of his dreams.

ASSORTED ASSASSINS

The Black Cap. Compiled by Lady Cynthia Asquith. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

AS her title implies, the editress of this book has marshalled a regiment of murderers. The short stories, of which it is composed, have varied and distinguished authorship, but they show signs of strain, as though the writers were scourging themselves to become obediently bloody, bold, and resolute. Murder is interesting either as the cause and kernel of a mystery or as part and parcel of a psychological study. Yet there is not much of mystery or psychology in this collection, whose contributors seem to be happily convinced that it will suffice merely to pull back the curtain and reveal a corpse.

Mr. Somerset Maugham, for instance, tells in his effortless, efficient way about a murder in the Malayan jungle; but we know the end as soon as he has begun and the characters have no particular interest in themselves; Mr. Arthur Machen is equally obvious, but his descriptions of London life are always aromatic. Mr. Oliver Onions makes a better attempt at distilling art from violence, but he dallies too long on slaughter's threshold. Mr. D. H. Lawrence is usually at his best when the sky is black and men are wolves, but he threads horror into the life of a Henry-Jamesian old lady of culture and the mixture of fine and foul is queer but not compelling. Mr. Walpole takes jealousy up a fell-side and gives us a lake-land murder; he has an idea and can give it the emotional background from which murder might spring.

So too has Mr. L. P. Hartley an idea, and his story is most careful and conscientious in its development. Mr. Hartley writes of humanitarianism turned fanatical and of the kindness which so hates cruelty that it can be more cruel than the thing it hates. The man of feeling runs amok in his mysterious castle and there is some good domestic steeple-chasing when he starts to harry his butterfly-collecting visitor. But the physical excitements are not all; there is a fine psycho-

logical study of the huntsman of the hunters. Mr. Hartley has taken trouble, which is more than we can say of Mr. Edgar Wallace, who has done nothing to earn his promotion to this company. The text of Sir James Barrie's 'Shall We Join the Ladies?' is included and Lady Cynthia Asquith rounds off her volume by showing that she can write as well as most of her contributors and considerably better than some. Her picture of a murder in a French forest is seen through a child's eyes; we may not wholly believe in the crime, but we do completely accept the child. Lady Cynthia, like Mr. Hartley and Mr. Walpole, has not in blood steeped in so far that she can think of nothing else. She knows that the black cap is not a literary outfit in itself, a fact which might have occurred to Mr. Shane Leslie and several more of her contributors.

ANIMAL STORIES

"The More I See of Men. . ." By E. V. Lucas. Methuen. 3s. 6d.
An Anthology for Animal Lovers. By Elizabeth D'Oyley. Collins. 6s.

MR. LUCAS'S title, it must be respectfully suggested, is unworthy of him. It seems, indeed, to advertise the one serious defect in these otherwise delightful sketches—which is the too frequent appearance of that kind of sentimentality, so wrong-headed, so peculiarly English, in which a love of animals is coupled with a contempt for man. We might almost suppose that the one was a necessary corollary of the other. Yet, in actual fact, did anyone ever like dogs any better for disliking their masters? Is it necessary to be a lonely, misanthropic old witch in order to appreciate black cats? Surely we ought to be able to see a carter strike a horse without exclaiming, as people so often do, that the horse must be the higher type of animal. If the carter is a brute, it does not follow that the horse is an angel.

Mr. Lucas speaks of meeting dog friends of his in the future life with a confidence which we hope he also feels (though he does not mention it) in the case of their masters. But in any case, if that expectation is fulfilled, some credit is due to man. A good cocker spaniel, says Mr. Lucas, is "a reward." So it is. It is the reward of man's sympathetic care of dogs, and the patience and intelligence with which he has bred them. And if dogs welcome us and reverence us, joy with us and sorrow with us, in a way which every decent man must often feel with Mr. Lucas that "we none of us deserve," it is at any rate clear that dogs do not share that superficial view. The more they see of men, the more they seem to like them—a point on which they apparently differ from Mr. Lucas.

But it would be unfair to suggest that this note is sounded on every page or even in every chapter of Mr. Lucas's book. If we can manage to close our ears when he touches it, there is all the old enjoyment to be got from his effortless style, his whimsical, friendly humour. All his dog stories are good, and some (like the story of the Carlyles' little Pomero) are genuinely moving. And he talks sound sense about dogs in London. "It's no place for us," says an Alsatian matron decisively.

Miss D'Oyley has included most of what we expected to find, not forgetting Boswell's inimitable picture of the great Dr. Johnson feeding oysters to his cat. But her space was limited and the subject vast.

Among the moderns she has failed to find space for Maeterlinck's essay on a bull-dog, or for anything whatever from Mr. Kipling, though Mr. Hardy, for instance, and Mr. Galsworthy are there. In fact, though this is an interesting and stimulating collec-

tion, it is too much to claim for it, as Mr. Galsworthy does in his introduction, that "it contains nearly all the best things ever written about animals." Half a dozen volumes of this size could probably be compiled without letting down Miss D'Oyley's standard.

PEEPING TOMMY

Are They the Same at Home? By Beverley Nichols. Cape. 7s. 6d.

GOSSIP concerning people notorious—or even famous—at the moment is now too firmly established a feature of popular journalism to be ignored; we may deplore the fact that a ubiquitous "I" should notify the taste of a statesman's wife in household decoration, or that a hockey international enjoys bloater-paste at afternoon tea, but a large proportion of the public evidently requires to know these things. That such chatter should advance from the newspaper to the dignity of a well-bound and admirably printed book is a convincing sign (were none other observable) of the falsity of present values.

In a note at the beginning of this volume Mr. Beverley Nichols informs us that "There is only one reason why anybody ever publishes a book. And you know it as well as I." Only one reason? Vanity? Or is it that this author has also turned his social opportunities as host and guest into his breeches pockets? The inelegant resulting bulge cannot merely be accounted for by coin of the realm. At all events, judging the work on its merits, we rise from its perusal with the satisfying certainty that we are wiser; that the clothes of a certain novelist come "from all the right places," that the author regards Mr. Noel Coward "as the most important young man of our age," that "it is slightly vulgar to discuss salaries," that a Mr. Gershwin "has now an income much greater than the President of the United States," that the author has faith in his "own capacity for appreciating beautiful things." Here, then, a number of prominent men and women are examined and reported upon by a "very modern young man" (as Mr. Nichols tells us he is supposed to be), with a verbal agility and a slick self-conscious cleverness which are remarkable because they are allied with an innocent vulgarity of outlook which is almost touching.

THE MONK IN THE MIDDLE AGES

The Home of the Monk. By the Rev. D. H. S. Cranage. Cambridge University Press. 6s.

IN a small book, filling only just over one hundred pages, Dr. Cranage has succeeded in depicting, with amazing completeness and vividness, monastic life in England during the Middle Ages. He takes the various parts of the monastery building in order, and describes their arrangement, furniture and use, illustrating his remarks by quotations from contemporary documents. The chapter dealing with the infirmary is particularly interesting; the monks had considerable skill in medicine, and very minute regulations prescribed the treatment for various diseases and provided a more generous diet for the patients.

Hospitality was of course an especial duty of the monks. Guests were not, however, expected to stay for more than two days and nights, unless illness compelled a longer sojourn, although it is recorded that a man on one occasion came to a monastery with his wife and seven children, and stayed for seven years. There are numerous very clear illustrations and plans, and a useful bibliography.

NEW FICTION

BY L. P. HARTLEY

Benighted. By J. B. Priestley. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.*The Arrow.* By Christopher Morley. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.*Georgian Stories, 1927.* Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.*Unkind Star.* By Nancy Hoyt. Knopf. 7s. 6d.

MR. PRIESTLEY delights in darkness. Adam, it will be remembered, at least had moonshine to guide him through the labyrinths of Mr. Priestley's delightful fantasy. But the five motorists who, on a night of storm and landslide, find themselves benighted on a Welsh mountain, lack even that assistance. And in the great ruinous house that finally shelters them, though for a sinister reason it is lighted by electricity, a deeper darkness dwells, the darkness of crime, madness, and despair. Soon the electric light itself is cut off and the two darknesses, metaphorical and real, unite to weave a profounder gloom.

'Benighted' has the characteristics of a symposium and a shocker. The plot is extremely sensational and Mr. Priestley manages it with the utmost skill. He uses that device, dear to novelists of the last century, which consists in dividing the characters into groups, leading them to the brink of catastrophe, and there leaving them, while he takes up another thread. When continents and oceans lie between the persons of the story, this method necessarily loses some of its force. But here it achieves its maximum intensity, because the isolation, though absolute, is almost restricted to the walls of the building in which the wretched travellers are trying to make themselves comfortable for the night. So much for the tale's technical excellence, though one cannot but note with admiration another story-teller's device, admirably worked into the fabric of the book. Mr. Priestley does not immediately disclose the full complement of horrors which the travellers have stumbled against; he lets the rumour of them, in hints and innuendoes, creep terrifyingly through his pages. I have seldom read a novel in which the element of suspense was so surely and artfully invoked.

The five visitors are as ordinary as the five inmates are extraordinary. It is never easy to put a pinch of salt on an allegory's tail, and even here, though Mr. Priestley is more explicit than many symbolists, the difficulty exists. Is the darkness in which the travellers grope a figure of the greater darkness which enshrouds this mortal life? Are the five inmates symbols of five deadly sins? Is there any parallel between the incipient abnormalities of the visitors and the developed lunacy of their hosts? Questions like these are implied throughout the story, but it is always easier to find an implied question than an implied answer. The relations between the visitors are much simpler to follow. Finding themselves, in the stress of danger, flung into positions of emotional intimacy, they exchange confidences which in no other circumstances would they have so much as breathed. Their perceptions, thoughts, speech, actions, all are intensified, and, so carefully has Mr. Priestley set the stage, it is without any sense of falsity that we see them in the space of a few minutes making the friendships of a life-time. And in these conversational exchanges, which would, but for the prevailing excitement of the story, tend to drag a little, many problems that discourage or delight the modern world are subtly interwoven.

How much, therefore, has Mr. Priestley crowded into his one night's entertainment! With how many facets does it darkly and richly gleam! I may say, in criticism, that in detail its execution tends to fall

short of the imaginative power of its conception—Mr. Priestley's imagination, trained upon prosaic facts, doors, locks, motor-cars, sometimes loses its way and follows where it should lead. The dialogue, too, occasionally owes its effect rather to the predicament of the interlocutors than to its innate intensity. And (this is not a criticism) why should a book that in tone is persistently hopeful leave one with a slight impression of melancholy? It is on reflection that such questions suggest themselves; for once embarked upon 'Benighted,' the reader will have no choice but to read it straight through to the end. It is a thrilling, enchanting, baffling, provocative book.

There are three stories in 'The Arrow'—a farce, a fantastic idyll, and a study in jealousy and hate among actors and play-producers in New York. All have good things in them, but none is entirely satisfactory. 'Pleased to Meet You' hangs fire sadly until the appearance of the American envoy from the League of Nations. When he comes, Mr. Morley gets a lot of fun out of his imaginary Illyrian republic: and, before his arrival, the efforts of the President to greet his important visitor in suitable terms are amusing:

"A phrase of admiration in honour of a lady you desired to compliment?"

The President pondered.

"I say, she is hot dog."

Cointreau shook his head.

"I tell ze world, she is hard-boiled."

"That might be true," said the tutor, "but not diplomatic."

"I say she have four flushes."

"Wrong again, we'd better go over this once more."

But one feels in this, as in the other stories, that Mr. Morley has the temperament of an essayist, not of a novelist. He writes uncommonly well, but the sense of what he says is imprisoned in the words he uses; it rarely overflows them. He is an admirable literary craftsman, but a chronicler, not a creator. His reticence, restraint, and good taste make his work pleasant to read; but directly he attempts a more tragic utterance, though he uses harsh, heavy words and the dialect of woe, the substance of tragedy escapes him, and he rants. 'The Arrow' itself gives a charming picture of autumnal London, humorous and wistful and whimsical. But the Piccadilly Cupid should have pierced the hero with a more tenuous arrow. Neither fantasy nor symbolism can make anything of so concrete a missile. Perhaps the best thing in the book is the supernatural climax to what is otherwise the least successful story, 'Referred to the Author.' It gives just the twinge of horror Mr. Morley meant it should. But after 'Thunder on the Left' the book is a disappointment.

The editor of 'Georgian Stories, 1927,' has collected a list of distinguished names, but the authors, with one or two exceptions, are not quite at their best. Miss Ethel Colburn Mayne's story, one need hardly say, is exceedingly good. She treats a disagreeable situation delicately, but quite realistically. She understands children, and her story has a taste of its own, and is not at all forced. Mr. Osbert Sitwell's story, 'Friendship's Due,' has a very entertaining opening, and it is remarkable throughout for the solidity of its descriptions and the trenchancy of its wit. But towards the end it falls into abuse of critics, and can, therefore, expect no further praise from me. 'The Hands of Serge David,' by J. D. Beresford, is an ordinary magazine story, with an ingenious plot. Mr. Coppard has transferred his essentially English Muse to Vienna, where she makes a friend of improbability. But 'Silver Circus' is by no means devoid of excitement. Mr. Martin Armstrong's interpretation of life seems a little too pale, Mr. Liam O'Flaherty's a little too ruddy. The best story is undoubtedly Miss Colburn Mayne's.

Miss Nancy Hoyt's 'Unkind Star' twinkles fitfully over post-war Europe. If its rays are not remarkable for their brilliance, they occasionally fall upon a signi-

ficant scene. The two heroines—daughters respectively of an American and an Austrian diplomat, move from capital to capital, finding in each a background of cosmopolitan loafers and impoverished aristocrats against which to posture. At several points their paths converge and cross, but in spite of the assurance printed on the dust cover, I am not convinced that the life of either would have been so very different had the other never been born. Indeed, as the American girl is left married to an improbable Irishman, and the Austrian Countess prospering as an equally improbable *grande courtesane*, I am tempted to wonder whether either of them was ever really born at all. Miss Hoyt is as lavish with "local colour" as she is inaccurate in her topography. If her description of a day in the Roman Campagna can be accepted, the surprise that Slough would naturally feel on finding itself west of Maidenhead cannot be passed over.

OTHER NOVELS

Nettle Harvest. By Sylvia Denys Hook. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.

Jane Parker, on the morning of her forty-fourth birthday, looked out of her window in Cheylesmore Square: and as she looked she became possessed of an unappeasable longing, which almost immediately ripened into a determination. She would see the world. So, after selecting the first place in the railway time-table on which her finger fell, she summoned a taxi and set forth on her journey to Hobbingle. Her adventures in that remote village and the life-stories of some of its inhabitants furnish the material for the greater part of this novel. During her three weeks' residence she saw more of the world than she had bargained for, and it was, one infers, with considerable relief that she returned to her own smaller world of convention and the curate. The wind of reality had blown through her being in vain. Fantasy, humour and philosophy are subtly intertwined in this story.

The Man with Six Senses. By M. Jaeger. The Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.

Michael Bristowe, the central character in this extraordinary story, was not like other men. He was possessed of a sixth sense: "he could feel things at a distance without seeing them." And because of this unusual attribute and under the conviction that it should be, if possible, perpetuated, Hilda must needs marry him, though Ralph Standring, the hero of the story, is very much in love with Hilda and there are indications that Hilda is by no means indifferent to Ralph. Standring, on his part, is called in to further Michael's advancement, a rôle which he fulfils conscientiously, indeed, but with marked disrelish. At length Michael dies, after leaving Hilda with a daughter. Here, you would say, was Ralph's opportunity. Not so, however. "The idea of marrying a widow has always been distasteful to me. That the widow was Hilda seemed to make it unthinkable." The man who is capable of regulating his emotions to such rigid and remorseless scrutiny is not, however, without interior consolations.

Unnatural Death. By Dorothy L. Sayers. Benn. 7s. 6d.

Miss Sayers provides us with a variant from the ordinary detective story by letting us suspect an unnecessary murder and the criminal in the first two chapters—without any evidence that one can see except the suspicions of her "detective-hero," Lord Peter Wimsey. The rest of the book is the attempt to build up a case by answering the two questions Why? and How? This is a first-rate story and the characters are well individualized.

SHORTER NOTICES

The Secret Memoirs of the Duchesse d'Abrantès, 1784-1838. Edited by Robert Chantemesse. Translated from the French by Eric Sutton. Cape. 16s.

IN spite of the publication of twenty-eight volumes of indiscreet memoirs the life of Laura de Permon has hitherto held a number of mysteries, for her indiscretion was confined to the lives of others. Her father was a French Government contractor, and her ambitious mother, of mixed Greek and Corsican blood, claimed descent from the Comneni dynasty. A match was arranged with Junot, Napoleon's famous Aide-de-Camp, a blustering vulgarian whose excesses led to general paralysis of the insane and death. Their thirteen years of married life can hardly be called a success, for though blessed at the start with a gift of a hundred thousand francs from Napoleon they lapsed into attempts at mutual assassination varied on Laura's part by attempted suicide. The last was an incident in her grand passion for Maurice de Balincourt, the handsomest man of his age. This story is revealed for the first time in her letters to him which form the basis of the present volume. A rival committed suicide and Laura was free to ruin Balincourt by herself. A few years of puerile extravagance all but sufficed. But Balincourt broke with her and saved a remnant of his property. Laura died eighteen years later hunted to death by creditors. If these so-called memoirs have not quite the importance their editor claims, they throw light on a number of hitherto obscure episodes of the Empire. The book is well produced and illustrated but there is a printer's error on the first page.

Shooting with Surtees. By Hugh S. Gladstone. Witherby. 25s.

THOSE who share Stalky's devotion to the immortal Jorrocks and the scarcely less fascinating Sponge will readily appreciate the enthusiasm which has led Mr. Gladstone to compile this collection of all the references to shooting which are to be found in the works of their genial creator. At a mere guess we should not have thought it possible to make so respectable a volume out of them. Mr. Gladstone has indeed thrown his net very wide, including even such trifles as Mr. Jorrocks's desire to shoot Captain Doleful, and his opinion that an excise-man was not "game." He adds a useful "Who's Who" or biographical and geographical index. We cannot, however, accept the identification of Handley Cross with Shotley Bridge in Durham. How do Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Cuming explain the fact that Pomponius Ego arrived at ten a.m. without leaving London overnight, Mr. Jorrocks's dream that the Lilywhite Sand Railway had run away with him and landed him in the Channel, or the trend of the Vale of Sheepwash southward to the sea within an easy day's ride?

Letters of the late Father B. W. Maturin to Lady Euan-Smith. Hutchinson. 4s. 6d.

THOSE who remember Father Maturin as a preacher, whether in the Church of England or the Church of Rome, will welcome this small volume of letters. Maturin was a man of a deep spirituality, which was combined with a singularly attractive personality. His reception into the Roman Catholic Church was a foregone conclusion. Yet there were many members of

For Quick Starting you need Anti-Carbon Oil

Oils which produce excessive carbon are also sluggish when cold. Avoid carbon and you avoid sluggishness. It's very easy. Standardise on Shell Oil and Shell Petrol. Both are designed and built to reduce carbon deposits to the lowest known minimum. In addition, both contain positive qualities that ensure quickest starting in coldest months.



THE ANTI-CARBON PAIR

that faith who continued throughout his life to regard him with an ill-concealed distrust. This probably arose from the fact that, unlike many converts, he experienced no desire to vilify and deride the Church of his baptism. Indeed, as Father Joseph Bampton says in an introductory note, "he never would throw off the force of old associations and the remembrance of what they had once meant to him." He was possessed of a somewhat irascible temperament, but his kindness and his sympathy were qualities to which hosts of friends are still able to testify. These letters reveal him as a very engaging correspondent, by no means devoid of humour, but one to whom religion was always the primary concern of life. He was drowned when the *Lusitania* was torpedoed on May 7, 1915, and with his death the Church of Rome lost one of her most effective preachers and one of her most devoted priests.

The "Mechanization" of War. By Victor Wallace Germaines. Sifton Praed. 8s. 6d.

MR. GERMAINES, who is better known under his pseudonym of "A Rifleman," is always an interesting and often a suggestive critic of modern military theories. His present volume would perhaps have gained if he had not devoted so much space to refuting the claims put forward in what he calls Colonel Fuller's "verbose book" on "Tanks in the Great War." A controversy of this kind only appeals to special students of the matter at issue, and Mr. Germaines deserves to find a wider public. The real question to-day is not so much what the actual effect of the tanks was in 1917-18, but to what extent we can improve our military power by utilizing our vast industrial resources. Mr. Germaines holds that mechanical units can only be a supplement to a National Army, and that infantry must still be the queen of battle. But he does not throw so much light as we could wish on the immediate problem of increasing the mobility and diminishing the wastage of infantry.

Films. By L'Estrange Fawcett. Bles. 21s.

MR. FAWCETT states that 250 million people visit the "movies" every week, and we believe that the film industry ranks as fourth among the great industries in the United States. It is hard to realize that it is little more than thirty years since the first moving picture was successfully projected on a screen, and only fourteen years since the inimitable Chaplin accepted his first film engagement at £30 a week. Since then, as Mr. Chaplin tells us in a brief foreword, the leading stars have "amassed sufficient wealth to sustain them in mutton and ale the rest of their natural lives." In some cases it is reported to run even to chicken and champagne. Yet they go on making films for sheer love of their art—like Mr. Venus. Mr. Fawcett has written a most entertaining account of the film industry, largely based on his experiences in recent visits to the chief studios of America and Germany, which we commend to all who are interested in "facts and forecasts" on this popular subject.

The Present State of Old English Furniture. By R. W. Symonds. Duckworth, 21s.

WE welcome a cheaper edition of this book, originally published six years ago at three guineas. Among the mass of literature for practical collectors of old furniture Mr. Symonds's work stands out as the one which is really indispensable. Though he divides the subject according to the wood used or the method of decoration, his is no mere historical survey, but a scientific inquiry, based upon personal experience, into what constitutes beauty and value in genuine specimens, together with a really exhaustive account of the various processes of forgery. The modern collector, even of the advanced kind, must, if he is not to be "had," be something of a detective; but as in the detection of crime, so here, he will usually find that the forger, be his methods never so elaborate, will make some obvious and ridiculous mistake. Armed with Mr. Symonds's advice the collector should avoid many of the dangerous errors to which his tribe is prone. The author rightly insists upon the importance of patina in all old furniture, whether of oak, walnut or mahogany, as its greatest beauty, and as a quality which the forger, however cunning, can never perfectly counterfeit. The book is well printed and is illustrated with many excellent photographs.

A Little Pilgrim's Peeps at Parnassus. Illustrated by Arthur Watts. Holden. 21s.

THE brutal truth about history is that it isn't funny. Or perhaps it is just that funny men never know enough about it to give point to their historical jokes. There was a 'Comic History of England,' by A'Beckett, which had a considerable circulation thirty or forty years ago, but it is doubtful whether it ever raised a smile from anyone over the age of sixteen. Satire—as in Mr. Belloc's 'Little Arthur'—is, of course, on a different footing. In the present volume, though the author obviously knows what he is talking about and has an amazing gift of versification, and though Mr. Arthur Watt's illustrations are rather more than up to expectations, and sometimes even brilliant, the simple unassailable fact remains, and must be reluctantly noted, that the book is not funny. It is not the kind of book that makes you laugh out loud. Its main concern is with literary history, and the author often brings off very neat little epigrams upon the literary giants of the past, and still neater ones upon those of the present.

NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

ESSAYS AND BELLES-LETTRES

THE GOLDFISH. By Robert Lynd ("Y.Y.") Methuen. 5s.

A collection of papers by one of the most distinguished of living essayists. How Mr. Lynd maintains his average, considering his productivity, is a mystery.

CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER. TOGETHER WITH THE ENGLISH MAILCOACH AND SUSPIRIA DE PROFUNDIS. Written by Thomas de Quincey. With an Introductory Essay by George Saintsbury. Constable. 21s.

PREFACES BY LEIGH HUNT. Edited by R. Brimley Johnson. Hollings. 20s.

REDEEMED AND OTHER SKETCHES. By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

ASPECTS OF THE NOVEL. By E. M. Forster. Arnold. 7s. 6d.

HOMER'S ITHACA. By Sir Rennell Rodd. Arnold. 6s.

PÓREZ GALDÉS AND THE SPANISH NOVEL OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By L. B. Walton. Dent. 7s. 6d.

BEETHOVEN: HIS SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENT. By J. W. N. Sullivan. Cape. 7s. 6d.

BUDDHISM AND ITS PLACE IN THE MENTAL LIFE OF MANKIND. By Dr. Paul Dahlke. Macmillan. 10s. 6d.

THE KUKLOS PAPERS. By Fitzwater Wray. Dent. 3s. 6d.

ALBYN: OR SCOTLAND AND THE FUTURE. By C. M. Grieve. Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d.

CALEDONIA: OR THE FUTURE OF THE SCOTS. By George Malcolm Thomson. Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d.



ARE THEY THE SAME AT HOME?

Beverley Nichols

Being a series of sketches and impressions of some sixty men and women whose names are household words. Brilliantly written, they have little in common with the innumerable 'Memoirs' and 'Sketches' which annually pour from the press. They are intimate and individual comments on Mr. Nichols' contemporaries.

7s. 6d. net

JONATHAN CAPE LONDON

BENIGHTED

iii
iii iii iii

J. B. PRIESTLEY

Five people are marooned during a night of thunder, landslides and flood, in a strange old house in a remote corner of Wales. Strange experiences befall them—experiences which alter all their lives. Mr. Priestley has achieved an extraordinary feat in the novel, for the whole modern world is mirrored in them; the prevailing ideas, fears, and loves which are the product of our time.

HEINEMANN

7s. 6d.



You will find it a
better smoke.

IF the tobacco you are smoking at present does not give you complete satisfaction, try Player's Navy Mixture.

It is a skilful blend of the finest tobaccos, and is so carefully matured and manufactured that every pipeful offers you the utmost satisfaction and charm.

**Try PLAYER'S
NAVY MIXTURE**

P.1265

A & C. BLACK LTD.
have just published

THE CLEGHORN PAPERS

A Footnote to History. Being the Diary, 1795-1796, of Hugh Cleghorn of Stravithie. Edited by the Rev. **WILLIAM NEIL**. With a foreword by Colonel Sir Alexander Sprot, Bart., C.M.G., M.P. With three photogravure portraits and a map. Demy 8vo., cloth. Price 18s. net.

THE CHARM OF CAMBRIDGE

By **S. C. ROBERTS, M.A.** Containing 24 full-page plates from pencil drawings by W. G. Blackall. Demy 4to., cloth. Price 21s. net. [Ready Nov. 9.]

NATURAL HISTORY: ANIMALS

An Illustrated Who's Who of the Animal World. By **GEORGE JENNISON, M.A., F.Z.S.** Over 300 illustrations; 16 of them full-page in colour. Square demy 8vo., cloth. Price 12s. 6d. net.

STONES OF ITALY

By **COMMENDATORE FORMILLI**. 32 full-page illustrations in colour by the Author. Large square demy 8vo., cloth. Price 20s. net.

MOROCCO FROM A MOTOR

Descriptive of a trip from Algiers to Marrakesh. By **PAUL E. VERNON**. With 48 page illustrations in colour, and a map. Square demy 8vo., cloth. Price 12s. 6d. net.

LIVING CREATURES

Studies of Animal and Plant Life. By **CLOTHILDE VON WYSS**. Demy 8vo., cloth. With 100 illustrations from drawings by the Author. Price 12s. 6d. net.

UNKNOWN ITALY

Piedmont and the Piedmontese. By **E. A. REYNOLDS-BALL, B.A., F.R.G.S.** 32 page illustrations from photographs and a sketch-map. Demy 8vo., cloth. Price 10s. 6d. net.

EDINBURGH

"Mine Own Romantic Town." By **GORDON HOME**. 24 page plates from pencil drawings by the Author. Crown 4to., cloth. Price 7s. 6d. net.

THE CHARM OF THE SCOTT COUNTRY

By Rev. **JAMES BAIKIE, F.R.A.S.** 24 page plates from pencil drawings by Gordon Home. Crown 4to., cloth. Price 7s. 6d. net.

FLOWERS IN THE HOME

By **MENIE WATT**. 8 full-page illustrations from photographs, also a picture jacket. Large crown 8vo., cloth. Price 2s. 6d. net.

IRELAND.

By **HARRISON DALE**. Containing 32 full-page illustrations in colour by **A. HEATON COOPER**. Large crown 8vo., cloth. Price 7s. 6d. net.

COMEDIES OF ERROR

A Book About Ourselves. By **A. R. HOPE MONCRIEFF**. Demy 8vo., cloth. Price 7s. 6d. net.

4, 5 & 6 SOHO SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

THE PETTY PAPERS. Edited by the Marquis of Lansdowne. Constable. Two volumes. 52s. 6d.

The unpublished writings of Sir William Petty, edited from the papers at Bowood. Petty, by turns cabin-boy, hawker, physician, finished as Professor of Anatomy at Oxford and of Music at Gresham College, M.P., and political economist, and these papers show his wide range of interests.

JOSEPH CONRAD: LIFE AND LETTERS. By G. Jean-Aubry. Heinemann. Two volumes. 42s.

The official biography, by the chief authority on Conrad. Though Mr. Ford and Mrs. Conrad have, in their several ways, dealt well with Conrad's personality, this work was needed to fill a gap.

THE STAR OF PICCADILLY. By Lewis Melville. Hutchinson. 21s.

A biography of the infamous Marquess of Queensberry.

FROM THE CITY TO FLEET STREET. By J. Hall Richardson. Stanley Paul. 15s.

Mr. Hall Richardson, of the *Daily Telegraph*, here records his journalistic experiences, giving also impressions of many noted Fleet Street figures, including Sala and Northcliffe.

A LITERARY HISTORY OF ROME IN THE SILVER AGE. By J. Wight Duff. Fisher Unwin. 21s.

Dr. Wight Duff's history of the Augustan age of Later Literature is a standard work. Here he deals with the same authority with Petronius and Lucan, Tacitus and Juvenal. The author, it will be remembered, is of those who insist on the independence of the Latin genius despite all its borrowings from the Greek.

MEMORIES AND NOTES. By Anthony Hope. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

Reminiscences by the well-known novelist, who from University days has been in contact with many interesting people and is a shrewd observer.

A LIFE OF EMMA HAMILTON. By O. A. Sheppard. Sidgwick and Jackson. 21s.

A SOLDIER-DIPLOMAT. By Brigadier-General Sir Douglas Dawson. Murray. 18s.

A VALIANT GENTLEMAN: BEING THE BIOGRAPHY OF HERBERT WARD. By Sarita Ward. Chapman and Hall. 18s.

WITH PAVLOVA ROUND THE WORLD. By Theodore Stier. Hurst and Blackett. 18s.

OUTLAWS OF MODERN DAYS. By H. Ashton-Wolfe. Cassell. 12s. 6d.

A VOYAGE TO THE SOUTH SEAS IN THE YEARS 1740-41. By John Bulkeley and John Cummins. Harrap. 10s. 6d.

THE NARRATIVE OF SAMUEL HANCOCK, 1845-60. Harrap. 10s. 6d.

LADY HESTER STANHOPE. By Martin Armstrong. Gerald Howe. 3s. 6d.

ELIZABETH CHUDLEIGH DUCHESS OF KINGSTON. By Beatrice Curtis Brown. Gerald Howe. 3s. 6d.

THE AMERICAN HERESY. By Christopher Hoiles. Sheed and Ward. 8s. 6d.

POLITICS, SOCIOLOGY AND ECONOMICS

INDUSTRY AND POLITICS. By the Right Hon. Sir Alfred Mond. Macmillan. 12s. 6d.

This important and suggestive collection of speeches and articles covers a wide field. Unemployment, co-partnership, industrial research, international cartels, the land question, Socialism, all receive the attention of an acute, informed and independent mind.

THE MEDITERRANEAN AND ITS PROBLEMS. By Major E. W. Polson Newman. Philpot. 15s.

EXPLAINING CHINA. By John Earl Baker. Philpot. 15s.

WILL CIVILISATION CRASH? By Lieut.-Commr. the Hon. J. M. Kenworthy. Fisher Unwin and Benn. 10s. 6d.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE BRITISH WORKING CLASS MOVEMENT. By G. D. H. Cole. Volume III. 1900-1927. Allen and Unwin, and the Labour Publishing Company. 6s.

U.S.S.R.: A WORLD ENIGMA. By Ivy Lee. Fisher Unwin and Benn. 6s.

THE ECONOMIC CONSEQUENCES OF THE LEAGUE. With an Introduction by Sir Arthur Salter. Europa Publishing Company and Routledge. 12s. 6d.

VERSE AND DRAMA

THE CURTAIN GOES UP. Three Plays by the Earl of Lathom. Secker. 7s. 6d.

A POET'S CALENDAR. By W. H. Davies. Cape. 3s. 6d.

PIPER'S TUNES. By Elizabeth Shane. Selwyn and Blount. 3s. 6d.

SPORT AND TRAVEL

SEVEN YEARS IN SOUTHERN AFRICA. By Arnold Wienholt Hodson. Edited by C. Leonard Leese. Fisher Unwin and Benn. 18s.

RUGGER. By W. W. Wakefield and H. P. Marshall. Longmans. 15s.

MODERN SKI-ING. By A. H. D'Egville. Arnold. 12s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS

FUN AND FANTASY. Drawings from *Punch* by Ernest H. Shepard. With an Introduction by A. A. Milne. Methuen. 10s. 6d.

PROBLEMS IN PSYCHOPATHOLOGY. By T. W. Mitchell. Kegan Paul. 9s.

NATURAL HISTORY: ANIMALS. By George Jernison. Black. 12s. 6d. With an Appendix: TABLE OF GESTATION PERIODS AND NUMBER OF YOUNG. 1s.

With the aid of the Famous LINGUAPHONE Language Records YOU can acquire the ability to Speak and Understand French, Spanish, German, Italian or Russian* in 3 or 4 months

of any of the languages enumerated below

The world-famous Linguaphone method has made language-learning so easy, simple and natural that any person of average intelligence can—in three or four months—acquire the ability to speak and understand a language with which they have hitherto been entirely unfamiliar.

The secret is this.—The Linguaphone method trains the eye, the ear and the mind simultaneously and naturally. You learn to read, write, speak and understand the language—all at one and the same time. You learn the accents and the pronunciation in the only natural way—by ear. You listen to the records—spoken by a native speaker, and automatically become able to understand the spoken language, and to speak it yourself. Simultaneously the famous Linguaphone key-books give you the printed words, so that your self-education is thorough and complete.



These Letters Prove that the LINGUAPHONE Way is the Easiest Way and the Best Way

These are just a few letters, taken at random from the many hundreds sent to the Linguaphone Institute. They are guaranteed genuine, and the originals can be inspected at any time upon application at the Linguaphone Institute.

"I bought a set of Spanish records a month before a journey to Spain. The vocabulary and the training of the ear thus gained were most valuable, and made my travels much easier and much cheaper than they would otherwise have been."
(C. B., London, S.W.)

"Thanks to the Italian Course, I spent a happy holiday of eight weeks in Italy, never having any difficulty in making myself understood."
(J. R. A., Leeds)

"I should like to take this opportunity of expressing my appreciation of the course. I can follow quite comfortably the talks that are broadcast by the German Stations. I have decided to take the French Course."
(R. E. B., Great Yarmouth)

"I shall be obliged if you will kindly send me a set of Records for the German Course. I may say I have derived great benefit from the French Course and am able to take down French correspondence over the telephone with the greatest ease, which is entirely due to this splendid method of ear training."
(E. D., London, S.W.)

"I can speak Italian better after the Linguaphone Course than I can French after learning it since a child at school."

(Miss N. A. C., Boscombe)
"I passed with credit in Spanish, the Bristol Matriculation exam, in July, 1927, after studying for three months at your Linguaphone Course." (J. E. B., Bristol)

LINGUAPHONE LANGUAGE—RECORD—COURSES

**FRENCH
SPANISH
GERMAN
ITALIAN
DUTCH
AFRIKAANS
ESPERANTO
RUSSIAN
Chinese, Persian and
Irish in preparation**

Branch Institutes: GER-
MANY — Potsdamerstrasse
133b, Berlin; HOLLAND—
Zwart Janstraat 138, Rot-
terdam; UNITED STATES
—96 Fifth Avenue, New
York; AUSTRALIA—Box
2838, G.P.O., Sydney;
INDIA—Grosvenor House,
Old Court St., Calcutta.

Each course complete in itself CAN BE USED ON ANY GRAMOPHONE

Linguaphone records can be used on any gramophone—no special instrument or appliance is necessary. If you have a gramophone you already have a potential language teacher in your home. If you do not happen to have a gramophone, the Linguaphone Institute can supply complete outfits, including an excellent instrument which can be used for all ordinary records as well.

24-PAGE BOOK—FREE

An attractive, illustrated book which fully explains the LINGUAPHONE METHOD, what it costs and what it has achieved will be sent free and post free for a postcard. Simply say "Book, please," add your name and address and post it to the

Linguaphone Language Institute
919, Napier House, 24, High Holborn, W.C.1

a Friendly Match!

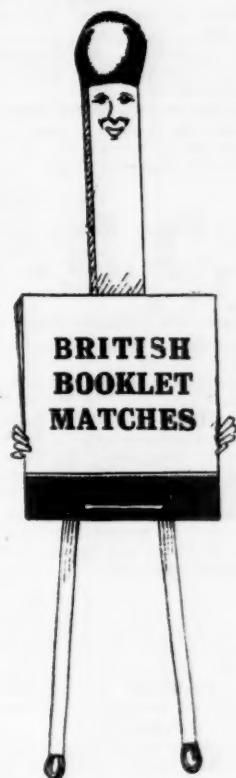
Always handy . . . always ready to be of service to you, in the pocket or in the home, making friends with you and your pipe, the stove and the fire. Invaluable

TO EVERY MATCH USER

They take up only the smallest amount of space, yet there are 40 matches in every case, and each one a certain striker. You can procure them in three sizes, and if you wish to make a special little gift, there are a series of handsome leather cases, ideal for the ladies' handbag or the gent's vest pocket. Ask always for British Booklet Matches. They're the handiest ever produced.

TO ADVERTISERS

Eighteen inches of valuable advertising space are available on British Booklet Matches. Three sizes. One to four colours. Circulation guaranteed in any district. Write now for details.



BRITISH BOOKLET MATCHES

AN ALL-BRITISH PRODUCT

Write for full Particulars

THE NEW AUTOMATIC MACHINE

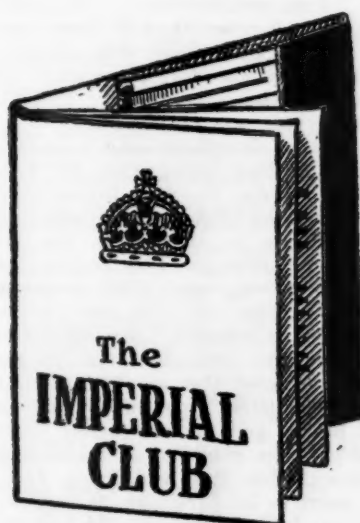
The unfailing day and night distributor of British Booklet Matches. Invaluable for railways, theatres, hotels and clubs.



BRITISH BOOKLET MATCH CO., LTD.

NEVILLE ROAD,
UPTON PARK,
LONDON, E.7.

'Phone - - - Grangewood 1895



The Ideal Club Match

- DRINKING VESSELS OF BYGONE DAYS. By G. J. Monson-Fitzjohn. Jenkins. 7s. 6d.
 CREATIVE EDUCATION. By Henry Fairfield Osborn. Scribner. 10s. 6d.
 THE SHIP UNDER STEAM. By G. Gibbard Jackson. Fisher Unwin. 10s.
 THE BOOK OF THE TREE. Edited by Georgina Mase. Davies. 10s. 6d.
 MEDICAL PALMISTRY. By Katharine St. Hill. Rider. 7s. 6d.
 CHEMICAL AMUSEMENTS AND EXPERIMENTS. By Charles R. Gibson. Seeley, Service. 5s.
 MEMORISING MUSIC. By Gerald Cumberland. The Richards Press. 6s.
 MOZART'S STRING QUARTETS. By Thomas F. Dunhill. Milford: Oxford University Press. Two volumes. 1s. 6d. each.

TRANSLATIONS

- LENIN AND GANDHI. By René Fulop-Miller. Translated by F. S. Flint and D. F. Tait. Putnam. 21s.
 RASPUTIN: HIS MALIGNANT INFLUENCE AND HIS ASSASSINATION. By Prince Youssouppoff. Translated by Oswald Rayner. Cape. 7s. 6d.
 THE VISION: OR INFERNO, PURGATORIO AND PARADISO OF DANTE ALIGHIERI. Translated by David James Mackenzie. Longmans. 12s. 6d.
 A HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By Emile Legouis and Louis Cazamian. In two volumes. Volume II. MODERN TIMES (1660-1914). By Louis Cazamian. Translated by W. D. MacInnes and the Author. Dent. 10s. 6d.
 A PRINCE OF OUTLAWS. By Count Alexis K. Tolstoy. Translated by Clarence Augustus Manning. Knopf. 10s. 6d.
 BONTSE THE SILENT. By I. L. Peretz. Translated by Dr. A. S. Rappoport. Stanley Paul. 8s. 6d.
 FOUR PLAYS. By Serafin and Joaquin Alvarez Quintero. Translated by Helen and Harley Granville-Barker. Sidgwick and Jackson. 10s. 6d.

FICTION

- AND THERE WERE GIANTS. By Bruce Marshall. Jarrolds. 7s. 6d.
 IT HAPPENED LIKE THAT. By Eden Phillpotts. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.
 THROUGH THE WHEAT. By Thomas Boyd. Scribner. 10s. 6d.
 THE DANCE OF DEATH AND OTHER TALES. By Algernon Blackwood. Jenkins. 5s.
 THEY WHO PADDLE. By Rosalind Webster. Murray. 7s. 6d.
 THE SENTIMENTALISTS. By Dale Collins. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.
 WILD OATS MEADOW. By Myfanwy Pryce. Faber and Gwyer. 7s. 6d.

MOTORING

MINOR EXHIBITIONS

By H. THORNTON RUTTER

IT is usual at the conclusion of the motor show at Olympia for the principal retail-selling agents to stage miniature motor shows on their own premises in order that customers who were interested in particular makes and types of cars could again inspect them. Thus Stratton-Instone, Ltd., of Pall Mall, the well-known distributors of Daimler cars, have opened large premises at Poole Hill, Bournemouth, as a distributing centre for Dorsetshire and Hampshire districts, and both there and in Pall Mall have a full range of these cars on view, both in styles of coachwork and on six-cylinder and "double six" cylinder chassis. At New Bond Street the Lanchester Motor Company exhibit the first British-built four-wheeled petrol-driven car designed and built in the years 1895 and 1896, as a contrast to the latest types of Lanchester carriages. This ancient car, although of only eight horse-power, gives ample accommodation for six persons and luggage. The student of automobile engineering development will note on examining this old car that it embodies many technical features that are to-day regarded as up to date. The latest types of Lincoln cars with four-wheel brakes and the new series "eighty" Pierce-Arrow cars are exhibited at Hammersmith, near the Broadway, while Pass and Joyce, Ltd., and Rootes, Ltd., seem to have collected a large portion of the Show cars from Olympia in their spacious showrooms.

* *

Messrs. Rootes expressed satisfaction with the recent exhibition, and think that there is every reason

to anticipate during the next twelve months a largely increased turnover in the export of British cars to the overseas market. This Devonshire House firm export Clyno and Hillman cars and administer the export of Rolls-Royce, Daimler and Sunbeam cars, and they report a considerable increase in inquiries from the Dominions, Colonies and other countries, including the United States. This is surprising, but it is evident that the American motor trader is interested in the British small types of cars which are not yet constructed in the U.S.A., and in the manufacture of which this country has established considerable prestige. Already a German firm has arranged for a licence from the Austin Motor Company to build the Austin seven horse-power car in that country, and Sir Herbert Austin reported that a similar arrangement was being discussed for France and the U.S.A. As Rootes, Ltd., have given orders to the automobile industry, to be delivered during the coming year, amounting to a total of six million pounds sterling for cars ranging in price from £3,000 to £135 apiece, London's permanent miniature exhibition at Devonshire House, Piccadilly, provides a continuous display of the best models of the British industry.

* *

There are two interesting exhibitions available to motorists this week besides those already referred to. These are the Royal Aero Club and Aeronautical Society exhibition of the seaplane, with its Napier engine, that won the Schneider Cup for Great Britain and the R.A.F., and the motor-boat and special marine exhibition of Arthur Bray at 114 Baker Street, W.1. Both are independent shows, yet are closely connected; the "flying boat" and the fast hydroplane are at least "half-cousins" if not more closely related.



FOREIGN MONEY

It is foolhardy to carry large sums in foreign paper money. On the other hand, the utmost convenience and a minimum of risk in the event of theft are combined by the use of the Westminster Bank's *Circular Notes*. Issued in fixed amounts of £5 and £10, they are the size of a cheque, and are well known all over the world. Customers may obtain them quickly through any local branch

WESTMINSTER BANK
LIMITED

Head Office: 41 Lothbury, London, E.C.2

"THE BEST OF ALL MAGAZINES."

'BLACKWOOD'

for NOVEMBER.

CONTENTS

Sadon: The Berserk Adventures of a Subaltern
(Being an Episode in a General's Life.)

By Lieut.-General Sir George MacMunn, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O.

Uncle William.

By Douglas G. Browne

The Song of Roland.

By J. R. Macphail

Linking up in Mexico.

By W. J. Brands

The Sea and the Air.

By Cedric Outwaite

Burgundy and its Wines.

By Stephen Gwynn

The Goondawindi Brumbies.

By L. St. Clare Grondona

Extra and the King.

By Charles Rawlinson

Musings without Method—

What we Sacrificed in the War—Our Lost Causes—The Surrender of Egypt and India—Al. Carhill's Optimism—The Future of India—The Curse of "Freedom"—India and Bolshevism—The Way Out—Work for the Dishard—The Vision of the Politicians—Party Congresses—Mr. Baldwin at Cardiff—The Flappers' Vote.

Subscribers both at Home and Abroad can have 'Blackwood's Magazine' sent by post monthly for 30s. yearly, or 15s. for six months.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, LTD.,
45 George Street, Edinburgh. 37 Paternoster Row London.

The National Godfather—

To act as the common godfather to all needy and neglected children, to intercede whenever necessary on their behalf and thereby secure for them happiness, care, and love, is the important national work undertaken by

THE N.S.P.C.C.

"An enduring life for every child in the land" is the aim of this 42-year old Society. Will you help?

Donations and gifts in kind are both urgently needed. The approach of Winter brings a pressing call for warm clothing. Parcels of discarded winter garments will be gratefully received and put to best possible use.



"Who grasps the child grasps the future."
FRANCIS THOMPSON

Please address your communications to WM. J. ELLIOTT, Director, National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicestershire Square, W.C.

DARLINGTON'S HANDBOOKS

LONDON AND ENVIRONS By SIR E. T. COOK

8th Edition - 10/-

30 Maps and Plans, 50 Illustrations.

"A brilliant book."—The Times. "Particularly good."—Academy.

"The best handbook to London ever issued."—Liverpool Daily Post.

50 Illustrations, Maps and Plans, 100 Illustrations, Maps and Plans,

7/6 - NORTH WALES 7/6 DEVON AND CORNWALL

50 Illustrations, Maps and Plans, 100 Illustrations, Maps and Plans,

4/- FRENCH AND ITALIAN 4/- WEST SWITZERLAND

RIVIERA AND CHAMONIX (FRANCE)

BERNE, THE BERNESE OBER- LAKE OF GENEVA, RHONE

LAND AND LUCERNE - 2/- VALLEY, AND ZERMATT 2/-

2/- THE FRENCH RIVIERA 2/- THE ITALIAN RIVIERA

2/- PARIS, LYONS AND RHONE VALLEY - 2/-

2/- Illustrations, Maps - 2/- 2/- Illustrations, Maps - 2/-

ZURICH AND ST. MORITZ, DAVOS AND

THE ENGADINE PONTRESINA

2/6 MOTOR-CAR HANDBOOK & THE HOTELS OF THE WORLD

A Handbook to the Leading Hotels throughout the World.

Llangollen—Darlington. London—Simphin's. Paris and

New York—Brentano's.

Railway Bookstalls and all Booksellers.

HEARING IN A BUTTON!

None of the inconveniences of deafness need be yours—no isolation, no conspicuousness, no hands to ear, no trumpets or large instruments to hold, no nerve strain with the

NEW "ARDEnte" BUTTON

You hear true-to-tone at all angles and ranges, hands are free—even whispers distinct! The only individual and uncopyable method, "ARDEnte" is entirely different and guaranteed.

Whether "Hard of Hearing" or very deaf (head-noises) "ARDEnte" gives hearing for conversation, music, wireless, public and school work, church, etc.

None too young, too old, too rich, too poor, too sceptical, too deaf (or not deaf enough), ALL CAN HEAR THE "ARDEnte" WAY.

CALL for consultation without fee or obligation and discuss your hearing, or write for details and Medical Reports.

Free Home Tests arranged

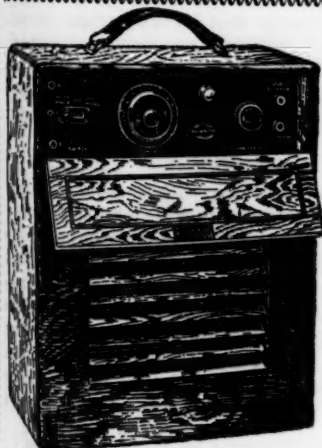
309, Oxford St., London, W.1

(Between Oxford Circus and Bond St.)

MAYFAIR 1580/1718

Cardiff, Birmingham, Manchester, Newcastle and Glasgow.

M^{RS} H. DE^{NT}'S
ARDEnte
FOR DEAF EARS



EXPERT OPINION CONFIRMED by PUBLIC APPROVAL

The high opinions of the 1927-28 Five-Valve Portable Halcyon held by experts have been definitely confirmed by the unanimous approval of the many members of the public who have seen this set and heard it demonstrated. SIMPLICITY & PERFECT REPRODUCTION—the outstanding characteristics of the Halcyon—are recognised to-day as the two main essentials of the modern wireless receiver. In

addition, the Halcyon is entirely self-contained, within a handsome walnut cabinet, is easily carried, and is constructed only of the finest components—a triumph of efficient simplicity! For purity and clarity of tone the Halcyon is unsurpassed—even at full volume. Why not hear it demonstrated without charge or obligation? Full particulars given, and demonstrations arranged by writing to S.R.3.

Halcyon

PORTABLE WIRELESS RECEIVERS

HALCYON WIRELESS CO. LTD. Telephone: SLexam 6236/7 110 Knightsbridge, S.W.1

CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday

THE boom-like conditions that have prevailed in the industrial market during the last few months have made way for quieter markets, although certain specialities are still soaring in a manner which it is a little difficult to justify. Considerable apprehension has been caused by the weakness of tobacco shares. The reason for this is that a tobacco war is threatened, not between our home manufacturers, but between this country and America. An American group is said to have acquired controlling interest in a popular brand of cigarettes sold in this country, and rumour has it that they propose to challenge the supremacy of the Imperial Tobacco Company. I think, however, that if anything in the nature of a tobacco war ensues in this country the Imperial Tobacco Company will be well able to take care of itself, and although losses may ensue, it will not be the Company to suffer. It is possible, however, that sentiment and uneasiness may cause the price of Imps. to drop back still further. If they do they certainly appear a really excellent purchase. Meanwhile, I would suggest that holders of these shares retain their holdings and not give way to undue alarm.

TIN CONTROL

Considerable interest is being shown at the news that efforts are being made to stabilize tin in the neighbourhood of £300 a ton. This would appear a somewhat ambitious programme in view of the fact that the present price of the metal is considerably under this level. At the same time those who are sponsoring the scheme appear to think that there would be no difficulty in raising the metal to this price, the problem being to maintain it there once the initial step has been taken. Generally speaking, the creating of fictitious values for commodities by means of control does not prove very successful; it is an uneconomic process and never so satisfactory as allowing the laws of supply and demand to cause prices to find their right level. At the same time tin is in a somewhat exceptional position. The world's supply of the metal, as far as it is known at present, is strictly limited, and within fifteen years, unless any very valuable new deposits are found, the world's supply will be nearly exhausted. For this reason tin producers naturally wish to ensure for themselves a reasonable if not a large profit on every ton of metal they produce. Consumers are also concerned at the prospect that in a comparatively small number of years they may be faced with an acute shortage, and in addition violent fluctuations in the price are extremely inconvenient to consumers, either because they may have bought prior to the fall, or delayed buying until after a rise. It would, therefore, appear that a scheme to stabilize the price would be expedient for both producer and consumer. The price of tin is of paramount importance to a third class—the metal market speculator. He has looked on tin as an ideal speculative medium for many years, and the suggestion that its speculative possibilities should be artificially made to disappear would be one that he would contest very vigorously. There are signs that he has already taken the field in the general condemnation of the scheme even before it is propounded. Personally, I consider that to stabilize the price of tin would be an excellent thing. At the same time I realize that it is not an easy task. Discussions are now proceeding and no useful purpose would be served by ventilating suggestions here. I would, however, point out to those responsible that the success of the scheme will necessitate co-operation between producers, smelters and consumers, and it would be far better to stabilize the metal at £275 per ton rather than not stabilize it at all.

BAUCHI TIN

Reference has frequently been made in the past in these notes to the shares of the Northern Nigeria Bauchi Tin Mines, and the report recently issued more than justifies the optimistic opinion that has been expressed. Preference and Ordinary shareholders are to receive a final dividend of 30%, bringing the total for the year on the Preference shares up to 60% and on the Ordinary to 50%. Further, the first interim dividend of 15% is declared on the Preference shares and 5% on the Ordinary shares for the current year. It will be seen, therefore, that in the neighbourhood of £2 these Preference shares are decidedly undervalued, particularly as the price includes 4s. 6d. a share in dividends. The Anglo-Oriental Trust, who acquired control in the Bauchi Company some time ago, should feel very satisfied with the result of their acquisition. These shares at the present level certainly appear an attractive mining investment.

CRITTALL

The directors of the Crittall Manufacturing Company, Limited, have announced that with a view to obtaining an adequate supply of raw material in this country and for the further development of its overseas trade, they have decided in the interests of the Company and of the shareholders to make a further issue of Ordinary capital. The new issue is offered solely to the existing Ordinary shareholders in the proportion of one new Ordinary share for every four now held at the price of £2 10s. per share. The new capital will rank *pari passu* in all respects with the existing Ordinary share capital of the Company, and will be entitled to any Interim dividend which may be declared. The terms of the issue also provide for the sale of rights should any shareholder not wish to exercise same.

As the new capital can be profitably employed, and ranks for dividend at par, the new developments should prove satisfactory both to the Company and to the shareholders, to whom, on the present terms of issue, there is a fairly satisfactory bonus.

RAND SELECTION

Increased activity has been shown during the past week in the 5s. shares of the Rand Selection Corporation. This Corporation is a South African Holding Company, and its assets include large share holdings in the Brakpan Springs and West Springs Mines—all excellent mining propositions. In addition, it has large interests in the De Beers Consolidated Mines and Consolidated Diamond Mines of South West Africa. Owing to the fact that a large block of shares has been overhanging the market, these Rand Selection shares have been standing at an unduly low level. I understand, however, that a permanent home has been found for these shares, with the result that the market should now go better. Last year shareholders received two dividends, amounting to 2s. 6d. per share, so it will be seen that at the present price, which is in the neighbourhood of 21s. 6d. ex-dividend, a better yield is shown than on any similar South African Holding Company. These shares are expected to settle down in the neighbourhood of 25s. to 26s.

WARDLE AND DAVENPORT

My attention has been drawn to the £1 Ordinary shares of Wardle and Davenport. The Ordinary shares have received dividends varying from 14% to 20% free of tax in the last five years. The issued capital of the Company consists of 12,000 5½% cumulative Preference shares of £5 each and 3,450,000 Ordinary shares of £1 each. Although at the present price the yield shown is not a high one, the concern is believed to be so sound and its future possibilities so good that it is deemed a first-class lock-up investment.

TAURUS

ACROSTICS

PUBLISHER'S PRIZE

For the Acrostic Competition there is a weekly prize:—A Book (selected by the competitor) reviewed in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the problem was set, presented by the publisher.

RULES

1. The price of the book chosen must not exceed a guinea; it must be named by the solver when he sends his solution, and be published by a firm whose name appears on the list printed on the Competition Coupon.

2. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.

3. Envelopes must be marked "Competition," and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

Competitors not complying with these Rules will be disqualified.

Under penalty of disqualification, competitors must intimate their choice of books when sending solutions, which must reach us not later than the Thursday following the date of publication.

Award of Prizes.—When solutions are of equal merit, the result will be decided by lot.

To avoid the same book being chosen twice, books mentioned in 'New Books at a Glance' (which, in many instances, are reviewed at length in a subsequent issue of the paper) are not eligible as prizes.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 293

THE AREA IN WHICH WE PLAY OUR NATIONAL GAME.
AN INSECT YOU MAY FIND INHABITING THE SAME.

1. Curtail deceit: 'tis just one-fifth too long.
2. If Sarah leaves, that counter-stroke's not wrong.
3. Devoid of blame. A fish in it I see.
4. Taken with coffee may this biscuit be.
5. Alas, what bangs and thumps have I endured!
6. Foreign, and to our climate not inured.
7. Some men keep one, a sheep can show you four.
8. Curtail what oft has struck yon threshing-floor.
9. That this is true and genuine is confest.
10. A Jew: the deer retain, reject the rest.
11. Thwarts prying eyes, and in it there's a story.
12. May lead to peace, if not to power and glory.

Solution of Acrostic No. 291

Woolle N¹ "Odious! in woollen! 'twould a Saint
Hedge-p Ig² provoke"
rl n G (Were the last words that poor Narcissa
T horoug H³ spoke).
E nthusias T —Pope, Moral Essays, Epistle i, 246
T utti-frutt I² Thrice the brindled cat hath mew'd.
H usbandma N Thrice, and once the hedge-pig whin'd.
R oarin G⁴ —Macbeth, iv, 1
GO A³ Strafford. "To his everlasting shame,
A lguazi L Charles gave his consent to the Bill of
T ruc E Attainder."—Arnold-Foster, History of
England, p. 476.

⁴ When I kept silence, my bones waxed old,
through my roaring all the day long.
Ps. xxxii, 3

NOTE.—"The note of the white-throat is harsh and displeasing."—Gilbert White. Letter xl to T. Pennant.

ACROSTIC No. 291.—The winner is Mr. E. R. Nicholas, 12 Hillside, Wimbledon, Surrey, who has selected as his prize 'In Search of Our Ancestors,' by Mary E. Boyle, published by Harrap and reviewed in our columns on October 15. Seven other competitors named this book, 24 chose 'Leaves and Fruit,' 11 'Menageries, Circuses and Theatres,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—Armadale, R. B. J. Binnie, Bolo, Charles G. Box, J. Chambers, Maud Crowther, Dhualt, Cyril E. Ford, Glamis, Jop, Madge, Met, N. O. Sellam, Oakapple, Sisyphus, Hon. R. G. Talbot, H. M. Vaughan, Yendum.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Ape, A. de V. Blathwayt, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Boskerris, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Mrs. J. Butler, Ruth Carrick, Miss Carter, Ceyx, Chailey, Chip, A. R. N. Cowper-Coles, D. L., Farsdon, Gay, Hanworth, Iago, Kirkton, John Lennie, Margaret, Martha, A. M. W. Maxwell, G. W. Miller, Margaret Owen, Peter, Shorwell, St. Ives, Stucco, C. J. Warden, Capt. W. R. Wolseley.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Estela, J. B., Lady Mottram, Rho Kappa. All others more.

YENDU.—Regret omission of your name among the leaders in our 21st Quarterly Competition. Will consider your suggestion.

POLAMAR.—If you will kindly look again, you will find that your solution of No. 289 was duly acknowledged at the foot of the list. It arrived late.

ACROSTIC No. 290.—CORRECT: Oakapple. ONE LIGHT WRONG: Crayke. TWO LIGHTS WRONG: Sir Reginald Egerton.

Company Meeting

RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS, LTD.

The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of Raphael Tuck and Sons, Ltd., was held on October 26 at Moorfields House, E.C.

Mr. Gustave Tuck (the chairman) said that the affairs of the company showed every sign of progress and stability, with the result that the high prestige which the public the world over associated with the name of Raphael Tuck and Sons was fully maintained. The walls of the hall in which they were assembled were covered with beautiful original pictures which the company had purchased from time to time from the foremost art galleries in England and abroad and from artists direct. He was sure that many shareholders would be pleased to avail themselves of the unique opportunity to secure some of these fine originals, of which they were disposing, but of which they were retaining the copyright—an opportunity which would be shared by the general public within the next day or two.

With regard to Christmas and New Year cards, this highly important branch of the company's activities continued to exhibit steady progress. They were fortunate in possessing a staff of trained artists, both in their own establishment and outside, who continued to give evidence of beauty and originality of design. The book department continued to show a marked advancement. The annual appearance of Tuck's calendars was eagerly looked forward to by the public the world over. It was remarkable to note the position which these artistic productions had attained. They were welcome everywhere, and he could quite understand anyone saying, "What is home without a Tuck's calendar?"

The picture postcard department continued its success, and the high standard of the reproductions in the picture department was being fully maintained.

The Chairman concluded by moving the adoption of the report and accounts, which was seconded by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and unanimously agreed to.



**Velvety
Smooth—
Quick—
Easy!**

Gillette is the most popular shaving service in the World. It has not only made hygienic self-shaving possible for millions of men, but it has converted the task of shaving into a treat—velvety smooth—quick—easy!

Obtainable from all Stores that cater for men.

New Improved Gillette Outfits, 21/- and upwards. Old type Gillette series, 2/6 and upwards. Gillette Blades in packets of 10 (20 shaving edges), 4/6. In packets of 5 (10 shaving edges), 2/3.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR, LTD.

184-188, Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

Gillette
Safety
Razor
NO STROPPING NO HONING

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

A Journal of International Understanding

Edited by H. M. Swanwick

NOVEMBER ISSUE.

Indian Native States

By Rt. Hon. LORD OLIVIER

Oil and the Arcos Raid By FRANCIS DELAISI

Georgia Under Soviet Rule By PEER GYNT

Round About the Protocol By THE EDITOR

Sino-Japanese Relations By T'ANG LEANG-LI

The Austenian Doctrine of Sovereignty
By G. E. G. CATLIN

Never Confess! By GEORGES DEMARTIAL

Insurrection in the Dutch East Indies

By HENRIETTE ROLAND HOLST

Nizza la Bella By THREE STARS

Price 6d., of all Newsagents. Annual Subscription,
7s. in Europe; 8s. outside Europe.

To the Manager, *Foreign Affairs*,

34 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1

Please send me a copy of *Foreign Affairs*. I
enclose 6d.

Name

Address

S.R.

THE STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

is issuing a new Guaranteed Bonus Policy under its

SECURITY SYSTEM,

the newest development of Life Assurance.

An annual guaranteed bonus of £2 10s. per cent. payable
at death or maturity with guaranteed Surrender Values of
both Sum Assured and BONUS.

EXAMPLE

of Policy for £100 effected by a man of 25 maturing at
age 55:

Number of Premiums Paid	Amount of Premiums Paid	Amount of Sum Assured and Bonus (guaranteed)	Cash Value of Sum Assured and Bonus (guaranteed)
5 ...	£18 7 11	£112 10 0	£10 18 0
10 ...	£36 15 10	£125 0 0	£30 6 0
15 ...	£55 3 9	£137 10 0	£54 14 0
20 ...	£73 11 8	£150 0 0	£82 11 8
25 ...	£91 19 7	£162 10 0	£118 8 0
30 ...	£110 7 6	£175 0 0	£175 0 0

From the sixteenth year and onwards the guaranteed cash
value is greater than the total premiums paid, the surplus
increasing annually until in the 30th year the amount pay-
able exceeds the amount paid by nearly 60%. The com-
parison is even more favourable when rebate of income tax
is taken into account.

Write to-day for copy of Booklet "The Security System"
"AE9," which gives full particulars of this splendid Policy.
Nothing left to chance. Everything guaranteed

The STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

LONDON ESTABLISHED 1825 DUBLIN
110 CANNON STREET E.C.4 59 DAWSON STREET
15a PALL MALL S.W. HEADOFFICE 3 GEORGE STREET
EDINBURGH

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

1/- November, 1927. 1/-

The Seeds of War in Europe ERNEST REMNANT

Lords and Ladies ARTHUR A. BAUMANN

The House of Lords and Money Bills
CONSTANCE CAMPBELL

Moscow and the Middle East NAZIR

The Failure of Arbitration in Australia
F. A. W. GISBORNE

Lines Written, on Reflection, at Geneva
J. O. P. BLAND

Notes from Paris

The Law in Cap and Bells J. H. MORGAN, K.C.

Pacifist Propaganda—A Reply
ARTHUR PONSONBY, M.P.

Hoffman and His Tales FRANCIS GRIBBLE

The Great Untaught PRESTON WEIR

The Sherwood Colliery Experiment
Lt.-Col. G. S. HUTCHINSON, D.S.O., M.C.

National Points of View Major-Gen. T. D. PILCHER

Matriarchy and the Mothers
ANTHONY M. LUDOVICI

"Says Sergeant Murphy" A. P. GARLAND

STORIES { **The Lion and the Unicorn** J. ALLAN DUNN

{ **The Last Sacrament** L. L. WEBB

POETRY—THEATRE—BOOKS

Annual Subscription: 14/- post free.

Published by THE ENGLISH REVIEW (1911), LTD., 4 Dean's Yard,
Westminster, S.W.1.

VALUABLE BOOKS FOR SALE

Aristophanes' *Lysistrata*. Illustrated by Norman Lindsay.

Privately printed. N.D. As new. £3 13s. 6d.

Blake's Works. Edited by Ellis and Yeats. 3 vols. 1893. £5.

Boschère Illustrated Books. Complete set. 4 vols. 1923-6. £7 6s.

Burton's *Il Peutamerone*. Large paper copy. 2 vols. 1800.

£7 10s.

Burton's *The Kasidah*. L.P. 1925. 30s.

Hardy (Thomas). *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. L.P. Signed

copy. As new. 1926. £10 10s.

Milne (A. A.). *Winnie the Pooh*. L.P. Signed copy. As

new. 1926. £5 5s.

Lord Lytton's Novels. Nice set. 28 vols. £3 3s.

Ruskin (John). *Modern Painters*. Stones of Venice. Seven

Lamps. 10 vols. 1888. (Pub. £15). £6.

Schmitz. *Encyclopædia of Furniture*. Scarce. 1926. £2 5s.

Shaw (G. B.). *Saint Joan*. Illustrated by Ricketts. L.P.

As new. £5 5s.

WANTED

De Quincey's *Opium Eater*. 1822.

Keats's *Life and Letters*. 2 vols. 1848.

Shaw (G. B.). *Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant*. 1898.

GREVILLE WORTHINGTON,

BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP, JOHN BRIGHT STREET,

BIRMINGHAM.

A Security which does not Depreciate

Endowment Assurance provides a means of
saving which for convenience and advantage
is unequalled. Endowment Assurance is
Life Assurance combined with Investment.

THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE CO., LTD.,

HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.1.

All Classes of Insurance Business Transacted.

Kinemas

STOLL PICTURE THEATRE, KINGSWAY

Daily from 2 to 10.45 (Sunday, from 6 to 10.30. New Programme)
Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. October 31, November 1 and 2

THE BATTLES OF CORONEL and FALKLAND ISLANDS

The Glorious Epic of Naval History.

ALICE LAKE and LIONEL BELMORE in
"ROARING FIRES"

Thursday, Friday and Saturday. November 3, 4 and 5

WALLACE BEERY and RAYMOND HATTON in
"WE'RE IN THE NAVY NOW"

COLLEEN MOORE and JACK MULHALL in
"ORCHIDS AND ERMINE"

On the Stage—

KEITH WILBUR, the New Zealand Mimic and Entertainer.

Managing Director: SIR OSWALD STOLL

Theatres

STRAND THEATRE

(Gerrard 3830).

Nightly at 8.30. Matinees, Thursdays and Saturdays at 2.30

ANMER HALL presents

THE KINGDOM OF GOD

A Play in 3 Acts by G. Martinez Sierra
(Author of "The Cradle Song")

English Version by Helen and Harley Granville-Barker

Literary

TYPEWRITING.—Miss S. Ruth Speakman, 12 Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.2. Gerrard 6179. Reports duplicated at reasonable charges.

TYPEWRITING.—Author's MSS. 10d. per 1,000 words, carbon copy 3d. 1,000 words. Prompt and accurate work. Translations and duplicating.—Marion Young H., 7a Station Road, Balham, S.W.12.

PROMPT, EFFICIENT TYPING guaranteed (R.S.A. Certificate). 1s., 1,000 words; carbon copy, 3d. Circulars, Price Lists, etc., 3s. 6d., 50; 5s., 100 copies. Miss C. Foley, Craignair, Renters Avenue, N.W.4.

Appeal

ST. MARY, EDMONTON.—Please help this very poor Parish of 8,000 people by sending cast-off clothing, boots, or "rummage" of any kind to the Mission Sister, St. Mary's Vicarage, Edmonton, N.

'Saturday Review' Acrostics: 29.10.1927

Allen & Unwin
Bale, Sons & Danielsson
Beall Blackwell
Burns, Oates & Wash-
bourne
Chapman & Hall
Collins
Crosby Lockwood
Dent
Fisher Unwin
Foulis
Grant Richards
Gyldenhal

Harrap
Heinemann
Herbert Jenkins
Hodder & Stoughton
Hodge
Hurst & Blackett
Hutchinson
Jarrold
Kegan Paul
Macmillan
Melrose
Mills & Boon

Murray
Nash & Grayson
Odham Press
Putnam's
Routledge
Sampson Low
Selwyn & Blount
S.F.C.K.
Stanley Paul
The Bodley Head
Ward, Lock
Werner Laurie

Shipping

P. & O. & BRITISH INDIA

MAIL AND PASSENGER SERVICES
(Under Contract with H.M. Government)

Frequent and Regular Sailings from
LONDON, MARSEILLES, etc., MEDITERRANEAN, EGYPT,
INDIA, PERSIAN GULF, BURMA, CEYLON, STRAITS,
CHINA, JAPAN, MAURITIUS, EAST AND SOUTH AFRICA,
AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, etc., etc., etc.
P. & O. and B.I. Tickets interchangeable, also Tickets of
P. & O. Orient and New Zealand Shipping Companies.

Address for all Passenger Business, P. & O. House, 14 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1; for Freight or General Business, P. & O. and B.I. Offices, 122 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3.
B.I. Agents, GRAY, DAWES & Co., 122 Leadenhall Street, E.C.3

Miscellaneous

COALS!! COALS!! COALS!!

Temporary cut price for Deep Kitchen, Hand Picked and Hand Stacked Large Coal, 16s. per ton, at pit truck loads. Stock now, Share a Truck.

Truck loads direct anywhere to any Station.
Anthracite for Central Heating, COKE.
Get it at Farrar's.

Address—WM. D. FARRAR, Dept. S,
Colliery Offices, Leckhampton, Glos.
Telephone: 2220 Cheltenham.

COAL.—Trucks to any Station (five to ten tons as required). Best House Coal, 17s. pit; Kitchen Cobbles, 15s.; Best Coke, 17s.; SemAnthracite Nuts, 23s.—Buckle Colliery Co., 139 Hales, Cheltenham.

SONG POEMS WANTED

Popular Composer is prepared to consider good Snappy Song Lyrics with a view to arranging Music for immediate publication. Known or unknown Authors invited to submit MSS.—Box 976, "Composer," Fulwood House, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

MOTOR TUITION

LEARN Motor Driving and Mechanism from Experts, who will teach you by the correct method, and make you competent in the quickest and simplest manner. Our care sent to your door anywhere, at any time, Sundays included. Instruction on your own car, if desired, at your garage. Moderate charges. Write for full particulars, Box 79, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

PRIME SCOTCH BEEF and LAMB DIRECT from SCOTLAND.—Sirloins 1s. 6d. per lb.; rib, roasts, 1s. 4d.; rolled roasts, 1s. 5d.; topsides, 1s. 4d.; salt round, 1s. 4d.; legs lamb, 1s. 6d.; forequarters, 1s. 2d.; raised shoulders, 1s. 4d.; carriage paid.—Laing, Butcher, Dumfries.

HEALTH FIRST.—Constipation Poisons the Blood. Why Suffer? DR. JENNER'S REMEDY Cures it. Test it free. Send for free sample to Jones, Chemist (93), Bournemouth.

"THE RELIGION OF A UNITARIAN" given post free.
—Miss Barmby, Mount Pleasant, Sidmouth.

The

Yachting Monthly

NOVEMBER ISSUE

On Sale Nov. 1st.

Price 2/-

Competitors must cut out and enclose this coupon



"Let's surprise them. Switch on the music as we go in."

"It plays even as you carry it about"

"The Rees-Mace 'Super Four' is the new musical miracle. It has no earth wires or aerial, and with this handsome and beautifully built instrument you can, at the touch of a switch, instantly enjoy the programmes from England, France, Germany, or Holland amazingly faithful and pure in tone from the Loud Speaker built in the set."

—*The Illustrated Sporting & Dramatic News*.

"If you want to enjoy wireless, get a set free from all complications. By far the best set of this nature that I know is the Rees-Mace; it is entirely self-contained, having no earth or aerial and with an excellent Loud Speaker built in. The Rees-Mace plays wherever it is wanted, and you can carry it about from room to room whilst it is playing."—*The Morning Post*.

THE REES-MACE receives English and Foreign stations even as you carry it about! Take it with you from room to room—in your car anywhere and enjoy the programme from England, France, Germany, or Holland at the touch of a button. Perfect reproduction in full pure volume is obtained from the patented cone Loud Speaker built into the set.

The Rees-Mace was the first self-contained wireless set manufactured and marketed in Great Britain. It is the set of the future—no aerial, no earth—no outside wires of any kind.

A simple throw-over switch enables you to tune from 200 to 2,000 metres, thus covering all European broadcasting stations without having to

change any coils. Super-capacity batteries are also used, ensuring a minimum cost of upkeep and trouble.

THE MOST CONVINCING TEST

A demonstration will willingly be given in your own office, your home, or in your car. 'Phone Mayfair 3758 or call at our showrooms, where you can see and hear our various models, and take one away with you, playing as you go.

2-valve model, 16 gns. 3-valve model, 20 gns.

The "Super Four" valve model, 28 gns.

The "Super Four" has been reduced from 35 gns.

An illustrated brochure describing the sets will be posted to you on request.

The REES-MACE Portable Wireless Set

THE REES-MACE MANUFACTURING CO., LTD., 39a Welbeck Street, LONDON, W.1 ('Phone: Mayfair 3758).
And Rees-Radio, 46 Rue Pierre Charron, PARIS.